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# A HUDSON'S BAY CO. TRANSPORT TRAIN

In either this way or by canoe, for a century, the H. B. Co. has brought in its supplies and brought out its furs.

*Photograph by Mullers, Edmonton, taken at Fort Smith on Slave River*

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THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVII

TORONTO, MAY, 1906

No. 1

## Trent Valley Shooting and Fishing Grounds

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

Photographs by the Author



O the many thousands of tourists, visitors, "old boys" of Rice Lake and the winding Otonabee River, scattered over the broad Dominion and the busy Republic to the south, the ice-clad lake, snow-powdered islands, and dry, rustling, flag-bordered river sends greeting.

Look at these old familiar scenes under Winter's glittering health-giving touch. "Our Lady of the Snows" is only a pleasant joke. Here half the season has passed with weather so mild and genial that sleighing is almost unknown. Great fires gleam forth at dark, surrounded by merry skaters, on the very spots where summer visitors drag out the plunging bass or struggling maskinonge. Under the bright December sun the redmen, the Mississaugas, dash along on ringing skates, gun in hand, baying hounds ahead pursuing the wily fox over the very spots where many of us have decoyed the wary webfoot. The wild-rice beds are a tangled mass, fallen in or standing up in the shining ice; beneath, the Ke-nojah, the Indians' poetic name for the big, hard-fighting maskinonge, still pursue the darting minnow. If you want unusual excitement, get one of these sons of the forest to take you with him when he cuts the ice-hole, erects the arch, covers your head with a heavy robe, and bids you watch in the dim light below for the great fish to pass; or stand alongside and watch him patiently waiting beside the ice-hole for the big-mouth bass to bite. On the wooded shores of lake and river the young

bucks trap for mink and coon, weasel and fox, with all the ingenious woodcraft Nature gave them. Ruffled grouse still spring from the cedars and the swift rabbits dash away along the swamp runways; the muskrats swim about beneath the ice through all the great drowned lands, along the paths they so laboriously kept open all the summer and fall. Cold, clear, bracing, healthy weather, "Our Lady of the Snows" is a beneficent goddess.

This part of the Trent Valley Canal is a scene of great natural beauty. Starting at the busy city of Peterborough, after examining one of the wonders of the new world, the Lift Locks, there is a mighty region, the Kawartha Lake district, to the north, yet to be fully settled. Below Peterborough, taking one of the daily steamers, Rice Lake is reached in three hours. The Otonabee is a charming sight in April; until then the ice has bound it. One bright morning there is a tiny ribbon of blue water sparkling in the sun at its lake mouth; no sooner is this opened than Nature displays one of her greatest wonders. Stand on the shore at Jubilee Point as the sun rises this morning and look towards the south; far off over the distant hill-tops the telescope finds a faint black dot, a wavering, pencilled line, the first incoming ducks, the heralds of the great migration. What power implanted in their breasts the knowledge that this tiny ripple of water was open in all this ice-bound scene? Timed it so accurately that they arrived within the hour of its opening! Nature

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VIEW OF THE WILD RICE BEDS

has uncut pages in her book well worth studying.

Then comes the grand scene of the rush of the river ice, grinding, crashing, tumbling, splashing cakes, whirled along by the speed of the swollen stream, tearing out man's handiwork, piling high on bank and marsh edge, whirling along for a few hours—then, as if at the touch of a magician's wand, all the turmoil ceases, the setting sun tints the placid river with dainty touches of pinks and greys, the fish roll and plunge, and the ducks drop in so noiselessly. All is so peaceful that it is hard to believe that one of Nature's greatest powers ran riot here within the hour.

Now the Mississaugas can be seen creeping over the surface of the lake ice, pole in hand, sounding its treacherous, honeycombed surface; canoe on sleigh behind them, or pushed ahead, so that if it breaks through, the impetus of the red man throws him safely into his light craft. Now watch his skill getting out; he pushes the bow as far up on the ice as possible, creeps to the bow, straddles the canoe, gently pressing on the ice with either foot, and tries to draw the boat out through his legs; one foot breaks through, and if he does not plump in up

to the chin in the icy water he falls back safely into the plunging craft. Time after time he tries it, until at last the canoe and sled are once more on the crumbling ice. Arrived at the trapping place he lifts the sled into the craft, launches it off the ice as we do off the shore, and paddles serenely into the flooded marshes, setting traps on every likely log or making "draw-ups" where the night-roving muskrats will climb up to eat the succulent wild onion or sweet flag root, their last meal, as these redskins are adept trappers.

I remember one glorious spring night standing on a little corduroy bridge that spanned a creek, watching a trap set on the bank below. It was just dusk, the rich, liquid note of the red-wings rose from the swamp, the bitterns boomed, the herons croaked hoarsely, ducks quacked and whirled overhead; over the bridge a country lad lounged and stood leaning over the rail beside me. I was intently watching a suspicious ripple coming up stream—the wake of a muskrat. Up it came, spied a "muskrat apple" near the trap, landed and walked right into it. At the click of the steel the lad frantically grasped my arm and shouted excitedly, "Mister, your trap's got a bite."

The trapping season passes with the

month of April. May sees all the pastoral little villages that nestle in the valleys of the hills that encircle the lake clean and fresh from the purifying frosts and snows of winter. The islands are just sending forth a yellow and red haze of coming leaves. In places the shores are ripped and rent by the fury of the late ice-shove; great rocks are standing tilted far up their sides, or driven far in and covered with tangled roots and trees, a silent witness to the immense power of huge cakes of ice driven before a fierce gale. When the north-wester blows and rends the ice-field, and starts it on its path of devastation, all must bend or break before it. Midway in the lake lies the ruins of the old bridge, once a direct route from Cobourg to Peterborough. It was built of great stone-filled piers, with a super-structure of giant pine logs in the centre. These twenty-foot piers proved insecure the first year, so the builders enlarged them to almost double. But they had reckoned without the ice; for two years trains crossed. Over forty years ago, the Prince of Wales, our present King, crossed the lake on a steamboat beside the bridge, his advisers deeming it even then insecure. He received a great welcome from the band of Mississaugas; flowers thrown by gaily-decked squaws paved his way (the old chief told me he noticed him trying not to step on them); the chief's squaw, resplendent in velvet, heavily embroidered with brilliant quills, led the women. The bucks received him under a decorated cedar and pine arch-like building; loyal addresses were delivered, and he was invited to eat with the tribe. A really sumptuous feast was spread, but affairs of state forced him to



A BLUE-HERON IN RICE LAKE BAY

decline—to the everlasting regret of these truly loyal redskins. Three years later the bridge had passed away. The spring ice-shove hurled their huge cakes onto it with irresistible fury. At dusk one night, as old Chief Paudash strained his eyes in the gathering gloom, the leaning, tottering structure fell with a mighty splash, and all that is left of it now is the stone-filled approaches at the north and south shore, and the sunken piers in mid-lake, a menace to navigation.

In June the wild rice, from which the lake is named, springs to the surface and floats in long ribbons, changing position with every vagrant wind. July finds it springing up, and all the green, grass-laden waters are changed to the shades of the garnet and yellow glories of the blossoming time. Now is the time to troll for the 'lunge if the June water has been muddy; if not, come then, get a good guide and the keenest pleasure of Rice Lake fishing is yours. August finds these wild water farms a bending, wind-tossed mass of golden grain, the green islands set like emeralds in their midst. This is the month to catch the hard-fighting small-mouth bass, and the Otonabee River the place. Wedlock's and



MY FAT ASSISTANT FRITZ AND A YOUNG YELLOW LOG PLOVER

Gore's Landing are the favourite homes of the tourists.

It will well repay all romantic visitors to take a look at those ancient earth mounds far back in the rice beds, below Rainy Point. Here, a century and a half ago, the ancestors of the redmen that live in the quaint little village of Hiawatha took a terrible revenge. The Mohawks, after devastating the shores of Ontario and the "back country," had settled to reap the fruits of their victories. They had entered into the great game lake and settled on the bluff point where now stand the "Serpent Mounds,"

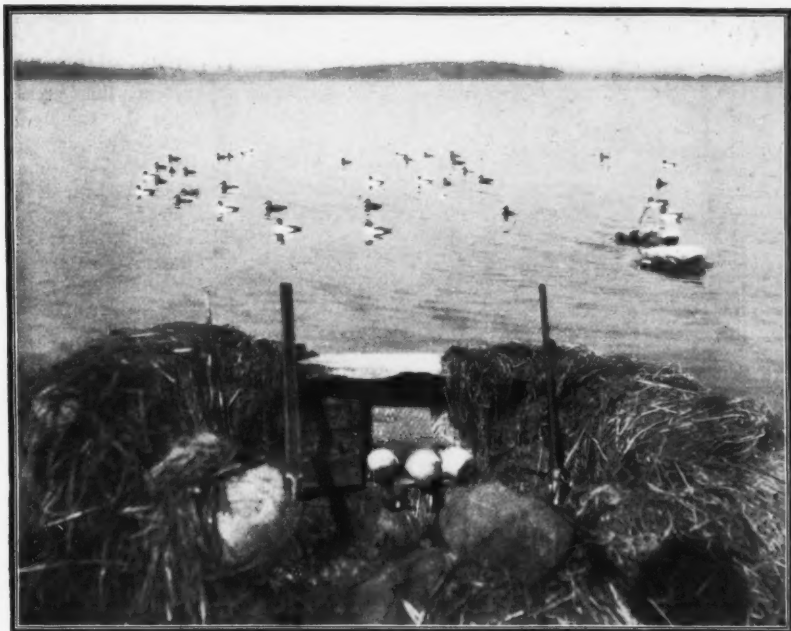
but the Mississaugas poured like a dusky flood from their camps in the pine woods, paddled silently along the channels in the wild-rice beds, landed at the foot of the hill, won the summit, and with fierce yells and fiercer fighting, exterminated the enemies. With grim sarcasm they buried them in huge trenches formed in the shape of the totems of the slaughtered tribe, and the sinuous mound of the Blacksnake and the circular mounds of The Turtles still are eloquent of the great revenge.

September, dear to the hearts of all the hunters of the feathered game, finds the wild rice ripe, the long reaching yellow beds that resound night and morning to the



A GROUP OF FALL DUCKS





A "HIDE" CONSTRUCTED OF STONE AND COVERED WITH WILD RICE

"rip-bang-bung" of the redman's fearful weapon, or the "tack-tack" of the smokeless shells, filled with basswoods, cedars, dugouts, anything that will float, a hardy buck in each bow and a willing squaw in the stern beating in a steady rain of ripe black rice from the bending grain. At night, when the camp-fires of the Mississaugas shine through the dark trees, the rice beds are densely populated, great hosts of dusky mallards, teal, some widgeon, wood-ducks (alas! an expiring breed), hooded mergansers, an early blue-bill or so, paddle and splash and dive after the ripe grain, sounding like a myriad schoolboys swimming.

Golden October and drear November bring in the red-heads and the blue-bills, the canvas-backs and the pintails, the buffle heads and the cheerful Whistlers, surf-ducks and coweens, ruddys and rare late gadwall. Sometimes a shoveller is seen; great flocks of mergansers and gooseanders dive everywhere for fish,

followed by their robber-hosts of gulls. Mudhens and coot, rail and crake, plover and rare woodcock (another vanishing breed), spotted sandpiper and snipe flit along the shores or dart into cover of the flags—and the camera-hunter, with his noiseless, smokeless weapon is filled with even a keener delight than he of the hammerless and shell-box. Many are the camps, many are the jolly fellows that gather round the camp-fires when the shooting is good and the weather cold—to all these, in all lands, the annual Rice Lake shooting fever is an intermitting, incurable disease.

It was late November, the ice was with us again, the twenty-two miles of Rice Lake was one glittering sheet, the river mouth, where yesterday the ducks ran the gauntlet of guns and fell with great thumping quacks on the ice alongside, was now all frozen over; all the great migration was over, only a few poor wounded ducks, frozen fast in the ice—





SAMPLE GAME—MASKINONGE, TEAL AND GALLINULE

dead in the centre of the circles they had worked so hard all night to keep open, remained.

At night, beside the "shanty" fire, a Mississauga told me this legend:

#### THE BIRTH OF THE WILD RICE

"Many, many years ago, when our tribe outnumbered all our enemies, there

lived a great chief, Ksis-wass-che, his lodge the largest, his slain the greatest, his the mighty pile of beaver skins, his the many scalp-locks of his enemies, so strong that none could stand beside him. Wild with fighting, he pointed his arrows at the sun, dared the Fire God, who sent a mighty chief to battle for him. All day Ksis-wass-che hard assailed him, showered his arrows on him, strove with axe and knife around him. Late, at sunset, when the air grew chill and the Fire God weaker, Ksis-wass-che overcame him, exchanging for his life this promise: "In the harvest-time of every year grain shall be in plenty, without labour, without sowing; and in the New Moon the Wild Rice covered the waters of the lake.

## May

BY ADELINE M. TESKEY

SHE'S coming, daintiest maid of the year,  
Fragile in form and fair of face;  
She stands on the threshold in trembling and fear,  
Because wild April still holds the place.

Her arms o'erflow with the rarest of flowers,  
This daintiest maid of the year;  
She's been picking them up from celestial bowers,  
Trav'ling through worlds in her journey here.

She's bringing along with her minstrels sweet,  
This daintiest maid of the year,  
Heliotrope, lily, violet, rose,  
The essence of her smile and her tear.

Wild April begone, and leave her the space,  
This daintiest maid of the year;  
A message she bears to the sad human race,  
"It is seed time, so no longer fear."

# A New York Season of Drama

By JOHN E. WEBBER



HIS very modern bewildering field of theatrical activity—to wit, the New York season—radiating from half a hundred playhouses; entertaining weekly audiences of at least half a million, wherein is represented a world-wide cosmopolitanism of taste and class; stretching in point of time from early autumn to late spring, and in point of interest from a variety “stunt” to the sublimity of an Ibsen tragedy, affords so many points of view, that on a choice of perspective, no less than on the frame of mind in which we view the tangled scene, many of our conclusions will depend. That neither art nor life is as simple as our forbears found, is one of the commonplaces of our dramatic as of our daily experience. And whether we view the condition favourably or the reverse, to recognise it may help us follow with considerably less friction the many modifications of the Art under present review.

Degenerate, as applied to the modern stage, is the familiar epithet of the day, we know, among both critical and superficial observers. But in this implied comparison with the past, with the romantic reverence that oft-times invests it, are we not apt to forget the winnowing process of time, and how that only the best, by very reason of its vitality, is conserved while the chaff is gratefully cast to the winds of oblivion? The laws of “survival” appearing here quite as appropriately as in the physical universe.

Every generation has its pessimists, and probably needs them. And no doubt the critics found much to grumble at in those halcyon days of Art, that never existed in reality, but nevertheless are being constantly recalled. The present, alas, is always a disgruntled reality lying somewhere between the good old times and a paradise of hope, happily never quite attained.

Those cruder forms of drama we knew in our youth—the rip-roaring melo-

drama, with its gallery heroics, and over-righteous vindictiveness; or the milky, sentimental sort, redolent of orange blossoms and betrayed woe—like other forms of poverty are still with us, and have their place in our theatrical economy. Their houses of entertainment are ostentatiously strewn along the byways, and even the highways, though always a little lower down socially and typographically, not to say artistically, than the temples of legitimate drama. A certain percentage of their following will, no doubt, ultimately arrive at truer, if more perplexing conceptions of Life and Art. And Mr. Clyde Fitch, for one, is always



DAVID WARFIELD  
In “The Music Master”

near enough to help them on the way. But the phenomena they present at the moment belong more peculiarly to the investigations of the sociologist than to any speculations of the dramatic reviewer.

Of the Vaudeville, likewise (we are even spelling it Vodeville), with its fragmentary and versatile programme, we shall have little to say. Its office is still a humble one, though there are signs that this may not always be so. Indeed, there has been manifest of late an ambition to possess something higher than the "fallen stars" of the dramatic firmament, or the erstwhile prima donna, straining for a lost chord, in a jet gown and a "spot" of purple and yellow limelight. A season ago, for instance, the Vaudeville stage was able to command the entire services of no less talented an actor than Mr. Henry Miller, and this season it presents Mr. Henri De Vries, the most finished character impersonator of the day. Mr. De Vries' performance—or should we say performances?—in "*A Case of Arson*," where he assumes the characters of the seven witnesses in turn, is in each instance an example of acting of the highest order.

Would that we were able to admit some such obligation to that other peculiar and diverting form of musical extravagance, the musical comedy, or Musical Cocktail, as it is more appropriately called. Lineally descended on one side at least from the Comic Opera of a generation ago, the form as it reaches us to-day tells the sad story of an art's decline. Of these the present season has produced—or should we say reproduced—another score or so, and their popularity, we fear, is more often proof of the vitality of nature than of the existence of any fixed or well-defined principles of the art of the Opera Comique.

Nevertheless, some rays of operatic hope have been afforded of late in such exceptions as "*Happyland*" and "*Veronique*," two operas at least that beat the measure of other days, when fine old "*Robin Hood*" with his robust note and rich October colourings flourished.

"*Happyland*," by De Koven and Ranken—in which De Wolfe Hopper is appearing—with its Greek setting, its cos-

tumes, grouping, picture-making, and almost classic dignity; its Doric columns framing glimpses of summer sea, and, best of all, its wisp of girlish charm, Marguerite Clark, fresh from Happyland and Innocence, singing like a bird at dawn, or dancing like a nymph in the sinless groves of paradise—is an entertainment of pure delight.

"*Veronique*," brought from a long run at the Apollo, London, although adapted from a French opera, with its action set down for Paris, is, in its atmosphere, delightfully suggestive of English social life, say of English afternoon tea, with the assurance of leisure, refinement, and moderate but dear delights that such associations have for us of English training. Even the deliberate humour of the piece reminds one of *Punch*. And Ruth Vincent, who interprets the leading rôle, might be, in the delicacy, freshness and charm of her personality, a handful of roses plucked from some English garden.

And this brings us to legitimate drama.

The first half-season could not be remarked for striking originality, and curiously enough its most important offerings at one time consisted of such year-old successes as David Warfield in "*The Music Master*," Mrs. Fiske in "*Leah Kleschna*," Mr. Arnold Daly in "*You Never Can Tell*," and that excellent comedy by Mr. Augustus Thomas, "*Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots*." Of these "*The Music Master*" still remains on the scene, its popularity apparently undiminished and undiminisshable.

The phenomenal success of this piece, conventional enough either as drama or sentiment, is due primarily to the real distinction of Mr. Warfield's acting in the title rôle. Probably no actor of recent years—not even Sol Smith Russell of tender memory, has played quite so exquisitely, and with such delicate restraint, on those alternate chords of pathos and humour, sorrow and mirth, as Mr. David Warfield in this simple, delightful characterisation. "Anton Von Barwig," one of those quaint, sweet, old-world, ingenuous types, rich in soul qualities, unembittered by experience, incapable of a selfish view, and with a native humour, as kindly as it

is unconscious, has come to America in the chance hope of meeting his daughter lost to him since childhood. Finding her, he forbears to disclose his identity because of their contrasting social stations. And it is in the quiet play of these complex emotions that the serious interest of the piece develops. Interesting sidelights, and a sympathetic background of semi-humorous Bohemian artist life, admirably sketched, throw the character into happy relief, and supply the lights and shades of comedy. The piece is, pre-eminently one of heart interest, but so scrupulous in its artistic demands that if we have lost our hearts for the moment, as seems likely, we have the satisfaction at least of knowing that we have yielded to something more than mere sentiment. There are scenes of dramatic strength, too, that prove versatility, and help round out the work of this young Hebrew comedian with a completeness that we are accustomed to associate only with the higher achievements.

"*Leah Kleschna*" likewise owes its phenomenal success to the genius of its interpreters. The story of a criminal reclaimed by human love is, under various forms, a rather familiar theatrical device, and the psychological action that carries the present superstructure can hardly be called original or complex. In the presentation, however, the theme counts for little, interest centering in the really inspired characterisations and the superb handling of very ordinary scenes. Anything short of this perfect stage presentation and the distinction that goes with high artistic effort, and the result would have been rather obvious melodrama. Which is but another way of saying that the literary qualities of the piece are inferior to the dramatic. The company associated with Mrs. Fiske, in-



MRS. FISKE AS "LEAH KLESCHNA"

Photograph by Sarony

cluding Mr. Geo. Arliss, Mr. John Mason, Mr. Charles Cartwright, and Miss Emily Stevens, is individually, or in the *ensemble*, probably the finest organisation of the day, if not the best acting company yet seen on the American stage, and "*Leah Kleschna*," with even less doubt, the most noteworthy example of modern acting we have had.

With Mr. Arnold Daly's production of "*You Never Can Tell*" resuming its successful run at the Garrick, "*John Bull's Other Island*" in rehearsal, and "*Mrs. Warren's Profession*" in prospect, with "*Man and Superman*," his *magnum opus*, an accomplished fact at the Hudson, to say nothing of minor rumours that were filling the air, the half-season opened with the finger pointing more conclusively



ARNOLD DALY  
As "Marchbanks" in *Candida*

than ever to that brilliant dramatist and humorous critic of life and morals, Mr. George Bernard Shaw. The dramatic New World, hitherto lighted only by such midnight stars as Ibsen, thought it saw the sun at last on its brim. The reign of the merely spectacular, we agreed, was ended. Brains had taken the place of pictorial effect, and the unrealities of romantic idealism had given way to truth and reality. Confidence in the *vox populi* grew at a bound, and the cynical theatre magnates were not even quoted on the market.

As for the successful exponent of this new drama, Mr. Arnold Daly, who a while ago pluckily invested his small savings in the intelligence of the public, and then from the vantage ground of a

little out-of-the-way theatre struggled against the current of prevailing taste, with a new author, an unproved reputation, and a "paradoxical absurdity"—him we decked with laurel and placed on a high pinnacle of theatrical fame. But, alas, for human hopes, and the pride that ever goeth before a fall! An unsuspected moral upheaval destroyed all in a night. And in the cold grey early light of next morning we saw our hero, with laurel awry and an unrepentant Magdalen on his arm, hurried out of this theatrical Eden before the avenging Comstock and his tenderloin squad. Mr. Shaw gallantly covered the retreat with some well-directed shafts of scorn, but a moral stampede cannot be checked with epigram, nor even with satire. The rout was complete, and Mr. Arnold Daly, whose work in Shaw repertoire has provided the chief artistic delights of at least two seasons, became an exile to the cause of an untrammelled stage.

But thereby hangs a tale.

All that it left of the tremendous Shaw vogue was Mr. Robert Loraine's entertaining but rather popular presentation of "*Man and Superman*," and the keynote of its success, by the way, is something considerably less than Shavian.

"Consistency," Emerson once reminded us, "is the bugbear of little minds," and had the sage of Brook Farm been a humorist, he might have gone further and defined it the vice of reason. Final truth, or truth complete in itself, may exist somewhere as a sort of logical necessity, but with our data still so incomplete, how may we hope to present her with a single countenance! Therefore to turn truth's myriad face towards us, not a solitary aspect of its countenance; to enjoy with us the contradictions we

shall see, and make merry over our own inconsistencies and follies, are ever the joy, and the task, of this witty, cussed, deliciously inconsequent and egotistical Irishman, George Bernard Shaw.

Approaching the stage in this genial frame of mind, our satirist sets up a certain number of characters—having two legs or four, just as his mood suggests—places them in perfectly conceivable, but contradictory, lights, gives them foils which they are taught to handle dexterously, and then sits with us in the pit until the fun is over. He is, moreover, a perfectly impartial referee of his own game, and when the curtain goes down, we have discovered neither hero nor heroine, nor so much as a clue to the direction of the author's own predilections. Every phase of life is equally searched by this ruthless critic and, obviously, the hypocrisies of our social and domestic life, draw the sting of his most unsparing wit.

Serious comedy is not often made of a situation in which husband and wife have been separated, through mere incompatibility, for many years. Most of us prefer to be sentimental on such subjects, and a few tragic, while none permits such a happy adjustment, either of his mentality, or his morals, as comedy pre-supposes. But Mr. Shaw has proved that all the elements of a comedy are here, notwithstanding, and the result is as refreshing as it is novel. "*You Never Can Tell*" is the drama of the accidental meeting of two such belligerents, after a separation of eighteen years. With the mother, who has improved the period of her grass-widowhood in a series of "Treatises on the Twentieth Century Woman," are a grown-up daughter, "Gloria," and a pair of irrepressible twins, "Dolly" and "Phil," eighteen years of age. The delicate diplomacy of the meeting is entrusted to



MAUDE ADAMS  
As "Peter Pan"

the family waiter, "William," whose ready tact and skill save the situation always at the exact right moment. Indeed, "William" is, perhaps, the most important, certainly the best conceived character of the piece, and on him rests the chief responsibility of the play's main action. A love incident is provided, wherein the proud "Gloria" capitulates to a young, impecunious dentist after eighteen minutes of love-making. In this we detect the germ of the theory of "sex initiative," afterwards so skilfully elaborated in "*Man and Superman*." The father, who proves to be a sort of "Egomaniac," is the only one inclined to the tragic view of the situation, but his viewpoint is presented with absolute fairness—the scene with "Gloria," for instance, providing a moment of genuinely serious drama. A bullying Q.C. eventually pounds out the





FLORENCE ROCKWELL  
Leading woman with Richard Mansfield

tragic note, and our night of fun ends quite appropriately in a masked ball.

"*John Bull's Other Island*" is a political satire, having for its theme, as the title would indicate, the perennial Irish question. And as the author is himself a son of the unhappy Isle, his presentation of the case may be accepted without prejudice. Indeed, with that characteristic impartiality already noted, he has given every side a fair hearing, and although in the end, as Mr. Walkeley puts it, "all parties are dismissed with costs, we have a conviction that justice has been done." This satire, which is in Mr. Shaw's best form, had already enjoyed a great popular run in London, and it was assumed that, on the grounds of political sympathy

alone, the success might be repeated in America. Interest in Ireland hereabout, however, like Ireland's interest in itself, is conditional on opportunity for the embarrassment of its traditional enemy, the British Government—conditions which the play does not supply. New York found the piece a bore in spite of the "jest in every line," and at the end of the week it was withdrawn.

The unhappy experiences that befell "*Mrs. Warren's Profession*" have been fully related elsewhere, and the kind of notoriety the piece obtained constituted the best of reasons for its withdrawal. We shall be on the safe side of the controversy, perhaps, in characterising the unlucky attempt as premature, and it will doubtless be some years before the play will admit of popular presentation in America. The charge of "immorality" or "indecent," however, may be charitably explained as a confusion of terms, immorality and heterodoxy not being clearly distinguishable at all times among certain of the orthodox. And Mr. Shaw having taken the sword against orthodoxy must face the consequences.

Of the superb acting qualities of the piece, there should be no two opinions, while the humour is provoking and irresistible. Mr. William Archer goes so far as to describe it "intellectually and dramatically one of the most remarkable of the age."

"*Man and Superman*" disposes once and for all of the convention that in the love chase man is the pursuer and woman the pursued. "Jack Tanner," the superman, and "Ann," the minx, have fought it out through four acts (the Wagnerian third act is omitted in the presentation, however), with the result that the superman goes down before the superior life instincts of the woman. "Not happiness," he declares, the red flag of revolt still flying gaily, "but the price for which the strong sell their happiness." Discouraging indeed, if this is truly the last word of the superman.

Mr. Robert Loraine's production of this great comedy was a splendid achievement, almost a brilliant one, considering the magnitude of his task. But it lacked that inherent dignity which invariably



characterises the Arnold Daly performances.

Nothing short of the real apostolic spirit and the severest artistic conscience can save Bernard Shaw from the populace. And this Mr. Loraine has failed to do. He has scored a great popular hit, and his personal triumph in the rôle of "Tanner" is complete. But the author we think would, after all, prefer the popular rejection of "*Mrs. Warren's Profession*" to this popular acceptance of "*Man and Superman*." This is only a surmise of course, the attitude of the author, as you may know, being somewhat difficult to predict—especially when it has been predicted (if such a bull will pass).

With the hurried exit of Shaw through the wings, the stage returned promptly to its old allegiance, to fiction, romance, and, as if to further emphasise the reaction, to such fairy tales as "*Pantaloon*" and "*Peter Pan*," in which latter rôle Miss Maude Adams has been entertaining us so delightfully for many weeks past. The story of "*Peter Pan*," the boy who would not grow up, hardly admits of telling in a way that will convey the least impression of its mystic, intangible, fairy-like qualities. While the play (if the term may be used at all where every known convention of drama is set aside) simply voyages through a series of acts, chartless and rudderless, with all the delightful indirectness and inconsequence of any child-wanderings. Barrie, in his own unique way, has in this merely endeavoured to stir the memories of childhood, and capture for a moment the phantoms of the child imagination. "Peter," a lonely little dreamer, has lost his shadow. It all comes of his fondness for gazing in at the children in the nursery. The window is suddenly shut one day, and the shadow caught in the sash is lost. "Peter" comes back at night to find it, and there makes acquaintance with the sleeping children, John, Michael and six-year-old Wendy, who afterwards mothers all three. Then follows the flight to Never-Never-land, Peter's home, where child spirits, lost through nursemaid's carelessness, have ever found sanctuary. Adventures that befall Peter's little guests introduce pirates



GRACE GEORGE

As "Lady Kitty" in *The Marriage of William Ashe*

and other fanciful bad men, but from these Peter finally saves his companions, who thereupon return to their own homes, leaving behind them only little Peter, who gazes in at the window as of old, a pathetic, lonely little lad, symbolic indeed of the lonely little lads and lasses we have all thoughtlessly left behind in the Never-Never-land.

Miss Adams' portrayal of the winsome rôle of little "Peter" has called forth the only real ecstasies of the present season. And deservedly so. It not only furnishes one of the most remarkable coincidences of character and physical qualifications for its portrayal on record, but supplies one of the finished artistic gems of the entire season's offerings.

The spectacle of sophisticated New York enjoying "*Peter Pan*," is certainly most interesting and encouraging, too, when we remember that it is only by the way of childhood and the Never-Never-land we may hope to reach any kingdom of heaven worth the while.

Miss Ethel Barrymore, who appears in the other Barrie bill, "*Alice-sit-by-the*



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

Photograph by Sarony

*fire*," is one of a few seriously interesting actresses on the American stage. Her success in "*A Doll's House*" a season ago, showed not only a promising intellectual drift, but moral courage, and an ability to take her own artistic measure with a fair degree of accuracy. In the maternal rôle of "Mrs. Grey," one of Kipling's "married Indian coquettes"—in "*Alice-sit-by-the-fire*," Miss Barrymore challenged comparison with no less than the gifted Ellen Terry. And while she has no doubt fallen short of the more experienced English actress's performance, her work showed unmistakable strength, and proved entirely convincing in spite of her inability to supply the illusion of so mature a part.

"*Alice-sit-by-the-fire*" is a satire turning lightly on the problem play, and the effect

of such plays on youthful susceptibilities. The viewpoint is an interesting one, interesting chiefly from its unexpectedness, perhaps, and while the problem play is not answered by any means, it at least invites sober reflection on the subject. Mr. and Mrs. Grey have been absent from their children for some time, having sent them home to London, partly because of the Indian climate, and partly for their education. The elder of these (a girl of sixteen), attracted by the problem plays, has been adding to her virtue, knowledge, and to knowledge, wisdom; and the domestic complications that arise on the parents' return are due to certain misapprehensions in the mind of this morally perturbed young lady.

"*Pantaloön*" is a biting satire on the modern tendency of the stage to play for the laugh, with the consequent degradation of dramatic art. "*Pantaloön*" is the clown to whom the laughter of an audience is life, and narrowed down to this appreciation

of the beautiful, he is indifferent to the beauty and grace of his daughter "Columbine." "*Pantaloön*" wanted a little clown instead. He consoles himself later in the thought that "Columbine" will one day wed the great and powerful clown "Joey," whom he worships above all men, because he is "such a great hartist." "Columbine" disappoints her parent again, however, by marrying "Harlequin," and is thereupon promptly disowned. "Columbine" and "Harlequin" soon find that the world also has little use for grace and charm, and then hungry and worn they wander back. The father is not to be reconciled, however, until he learns that they have achieved the desire of his heart by bringing a little clown into the world.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

# Winning a Seat in the Imperial House

By A. C. FORSTER BOULTON, M.P.



THE Imperial Parliament is more and more becoming representative of all sections of the Empire. There are Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen, Canadians, Australians, South Africans, East Indians and West Indians now duly elected members of the House of Commons, and, perhaps, for the first time in the history of the Mother of Parliaments, the Commons' House is representative not only of the Empire but of the people of Great Britain itself. How I came into the possession of a seat in that House, and became the representative of the constituency that sent Oliver Cromwell and Lord John Russell to Parliament, may possibly interest Canadians and happily lead some of them to come to England and join the little band of colonists who have now the honour of membership of the British House of Commons. There are many ways of serving Canada, and a seat in the Imperial Parliament is one of many and, assuredly, not the least among them. There are now five Canadians in the House, although some authorities give more than double that number; but I classify as Canadians only those who were not only born in Canada but educated there as well, and are thus capable of sympathising with Canadian ideals and understanding the life of the people.

I think I can claim this qualification, as I was born at Port Hope, educated at Trinity College School and lived in Canada until I was nearly thirty years of age. I was bred in a political atmosphere and early took a keen interest in Provincial and Dominion politics. Several summer holidays spent in England gave me an interest in Imperial concerns, and a trip across the great prairies of the West may also have stimulated my imagination and taught me to realise what a vast and glorious thing is the British Empire, and what a privilege it is to belong to it.

When first I came to live in England

I was a member of no party in English politics. A Conservative in Canada and an admirer of the policy of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, I at first inclined to the English Conservative party. But a short experience of actual life in England soon convinced me that British Liberalism was more akin to colonial political opinion than any of the other parties in the Old Country. As a bar student and journalist I saw a good deal of English life and character—the old-fashioned ways which upheld an established church and gave the congregations no voice in the selection of their own ministers; a House of Lords whose members were for the most part only there because they were the eldest sons of their fathers, and a system which did its utmost to govern through the aristocracy and exclude the democracy from any real power, did not appeal to my political training. Such, however, was and is the policy of the Conservative party in England. With such a policy I, a Canadian, could have little sympathy. Born and bred in the free democratic air of Canada, I could find my natural home only in the Liberal party. In Imperial politics, too, I found that the Liberal principle which made the Empire possible by giving Home Rule to each and every great colony was in accord with my own ideal of a federated Empire.

Having made my choice of parties I joined one or two political organisations and, having been called to the bar, commenced lecturing on Canada at various political clubs and literary societies. I suppose I must have given at least a hundred lectures, most of them illustrated by lantern slides, in various parts of England. This, and an occasional debate at one of the legal debating societies, gave me some experience in platform work and a taste for political discussion. Now and again I contributed a political article to the newspapers or magazines, and finally became a member of the "Eighty Club," a militant political organisation which

sends speakers into every constituency in Great Britain, and is a training ground for the budding parliamentarian.

Between the years 1896 and 1903 I addressed political gatherings in well nigh every county in England. My audiences ranged from a few rustics gathered under the spreading oak to large gatherings exceeding a thousand in number. It was the village audiences I received most pleasure in addressing, and I soon found the art of reaching them was to avoid rhetoric and talk simply and plainly to them about the questions of the day. When thus addressed, I found that the English rustic is capable of understanding not only local questions, but questions that are of Imperial concern as well.

I had by chance been asked to go into the Ramsey Division of Huntingdonshire about five years ago, and had been subsequently asked to speak again in the same constituency, and when a man was wanted to lead a forlorn hope and give the Cabinet Minister who had held the seat for twenty years, and whose family had held it before him for a hundred more, a run for his money, I was invited to lead the charge, and become the prospective candidate for the division. No one imagined in 1903, when I was selected, that there was the least chance of success. The sitting member had rank, prestige, wealth and great territorial influence on his side. I had none of these things, but I had one asset, and that was I had had a colonial training and knew the Empire in a practical way. I quickly set to work, and as the elections did not come on as they were at first expected, in the spring of 1904, I began to feel that there was just a chance of winning a victory. The longer the contest was postponed the better my chance became. A huge majority had to be pulled down and, after addressing nearly one hundred and fifty meetings and riding thousands of miles on my bicycle, I found this spade work had told its tale and I became hopeful of the result.

The last chapter in this narrative began at Christmas and for four weeks I knew little or no rest. A motor car placed at my disposal enabled me to cover some-

thing like fifteen hundred miles, and address three, four and five meetings a day. The great questions were the fiscal policy, Chinese labour and education. The first may be said to appeal most to the agricultural labourer, the second to all working-men, and the third to Nonconformists. I had a goodly array of speakers to help me and, when the eve of the polling arrived and I finished my campaign with a torchlight procession after "doing" four meetings between seven and ten o'clock, I felt sanguine of the result. The custom in English elections is for the candidate to drive round the polling districts on polling day and encourage his supporters, and this I did, covering a wide district and one hundred and twenty miles between eight o'clock in the morning and eleven at night. The counting of votes took place the next day in the Corn Exchange of St. Ives, under the shadow of Cromwell's statue, and when the result was declared and it was found that I had converted a Conservative majority of nearly twelve hundred into a Liberal majority of three hundred and eighty-one, I felt that the Cromwell county had done its duty.

The custom is for the successful candidate to move a vote of thanks to the returning officer and the unsuccessful one to second it. Party feeling, however, ran so high that no speeches could be made, and as I looked out of the window on a sea of upturned faces, the crowd cheering and groaning according to party colour, I felt the reaction from my arduous efforts. I and my opponent were each carried shoulder-high to our respective headquarters to be cheered or lamented with as the situation demanded. My work was not, however, at an end, as the same evening I was urged to appear on a platform in a neighbouring constituency as one of the newest M.P.'s, and so on for successive evenings until the polls in the eastern counties were at an end. Even then I was permitted no rest, as demonstrations to celebrate the victory in my constituency had to be carried out, and thankful I was when the final scene came to an end, and I was allowed to depart in peace and get a fortnight's rest preparatory to the meeting of Parliament.

# Nova Scotia and Imperialism

By F. BLAKE CROFTON



It would be a dangerous thing to claim for any member of the Empire the paternity of the idea that colonies after a certain period of growth should (unless they separate from their mother land) become represented and contributing, co-ordinate instead of subordinate. Before the American Revolution, Governor Pownall had argued for "a grand marine dominion, consisting of our possessions in the Atlantic and in America united into a one empire, in a one centre." "The scheme of giving representatives to the colonies," he said, "annexes them to and incorporates them with the realm. Their interest is contrary to that of Great Britain only so long as they are continued in the *unnatural artificial* state of being considered as external provinces." A few years later Adam Smith gave the weight of his great name to similar ideas. "The assembly which deliberates and decides concerning the affairs of every part of the Empire," he said, "ought certainly to have representatives from every part of it." And justice, expediency or self-respect may have suggested similar ideas to still earlier thinkers.

In 1833 David Chisholme, a journalist of Lower Canada, published at Three Rivers a book entitled "Observations on the Rights of British Colonies to Representation in the British Parliament." In this book there is some really eloquent pleading for representation, but the attendant obligation of contributing to the Empire's expenses is not asserted, though it may be assumed.

But two Nova Scotians, Judge Haliburton and Joseph Howe, were probably the first men of light and leading in British North America who earnestly advocated the unification of the Empire on a basis of representation and contribution. Before, however, passing to the consideration of their advanced views, I must mention the sound imperialism of another dead Nova Scotian, Principal

George M. Grant, C.M.G., who on many a platform pleaded eloquently for the confederation of the Empire.

In the third series of "The Clock-maker" (1840), Haliburton compared the Empire in its present state to a barrel without hoops, whose staves must be more securely fastened together or else they would tumble apart. "In Nature and Human Nature" (c. 19), he used an equally striking simile: The Empire was a bundle of sticks which with more glue would cohere and be strong, but without more glue would fall in pieces.

"The very word dependencies," said Mr. Hopewell (in Haliburton's "Attaché"), "shows the state of the colonies. If they are retained they should be incorporated with Great Britain. . . . Now that steam has united the two continents of Europe and America in such a manner that you can travel from Nova Scotia to England in as short a time as it once required to go from Dublin to London, I should hope for a united Legislature. . . . I do not want to see colonists and Englishmen arrayed against each other as different races, but united as one people, having the same rights and privileges, each bearing a share of the public burdens, and all having a voice in the general government."

In the same volume Mr. Slick observes of colonists: "They *are* attached to England, that's a fact; keep them so by making them Englishmen. . . . Their language will change then. It will be *our* army, not the English army; *our* navy, *our* church, *our* parliament, *our* aristocracy, etc., and the word English will be left out holus-bolus, and that proud but endearin' word 'our' will be inserted." Haliburton seems to have fretted under this subordinate status of the colonies, and to have yearned for a fuller imperial citizenship for colonists. "No, don't use that word 'our' till you are entitled to it," says the clockmaker. "Be formal and everlastin' polite. Say 'your' empire, 'your' army, etc., and



never strut under borrowed plumes." (Were he alive now he would not say, "We hold the vastest Empire that has been," though he might have observed that we hold on to it). Elsewhere he has compared the colonies to ponds, which rear frogs; but want only inlets and outlets to become lakes and produce splendid fish. In fact, the main cause of discontent among educated and self-reliant colonists, his Mr. Hopewell points out ("Clockmaker," 3, 19, and still more impressively in "The Attaché," c. 62), was the lack of openings for genius and ambition. On the gate of any colonial cemetery, he said, might be aptly inscribed the stanzas beginning:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid."

A Dominion political career now furnishes a better opening to aspiring and gifted Canadians. Yet until the name of colonist is almost, and the status of a colonist altogether, obsolete, some of our ambitious men must feel, with Haliburton, a "want of room—of that employment that is required for ability of a certain description"—diplomatic address, for instance, and international statesmanship. George Washington, Mr. Hopewell hinted, might never have led the insurgent provinces to victory, had his gifts and ambition had free vent "in other parts of the empire." The representation of the colonies in the imperial parliament would also serve to prevent dangerous disaffection; their representatives "will be safety-valves to let off steam." Haliburton thought the North American colonies had even then reached a period in their growth "when the treatment of adults should supersede that of children"; but he was not of those who wished to accept the full privileges of manhood and to shirk its obligations and responsibilities.

Now, when the British garrisons have just left us, it may be interesting to recall that this sometimes prescient thinker concludes his "Bubbles of Canada" with these words:

"The fate of Canada will determine that of all the colonies. The retreat of the soldiers will invite the incursions of the barbarians, and the withdrawal of the legions, like those

of Rome, from the distant parts of the Empire will show that England, conscious of her present weakness and past glories, is contracting her limits and concentrating her energies to meet, as becomes her character, the destiny that awaits all human greatness."

But it is to be hoped that Haliburton's occasional inspiration may have deserted him in this gloomy forecast, for the condition of Canada and of the Empire and of the world has altered wonderfully since his time.

With Joseph Howe, the successful champion of provincial autonomy, the welfare of the Empire was paramount: the whole was always more important than any one of its parts. In fact, his struggle for responsible government was also a struggle for the unity of the Empire. To establish complete fraternity between British communities, it needed the political freedom which he won as well as the political equality which he yearned for. "The question of questions for us all," he declared, "far transcending in importance any other within range of domestic or foreign politics, is . . . not how a province or two can be strengthened by a fort or by the expenditure of a million of dollars, but how the whole Empire can be so organised and strengthened as to command peace or be impregnable in war."

As far back as 1846, in his letter to Lord John Russell, Howe had recommended the representation of the colonies in parliament and other measures for imperial consolidation; and when, in 1854, the Hon. J. W. Johnstone moved in the House of Assembly a resolution for the union of the colonies, Howe responded with his memorable speech in favour of a greater scheme—the Organisation of the Empire.

He declared that "while the people of two small islands divide the distinctions and the influence of the Empire among them, they will, by-and-bye, be awakened by the peaceful organisation of a great country, whose inhabitants must be Britons in every sense of the word, or something more." "Sir," he exclaimed later on in the same speech, "I do not envy our neighbours in the United States their country, their climate or their institutions. But what I do envy them is

the boundless field of honourable emulation and rivalry in which the poorest man in the smallest State may win, not mere colonial rank and position, but the highest national honours. Here lies the marked distinction between Republican and British America. The sons of the rebels are men full grown—the sons of the Loyalists are not."

"In another part of the same speech he exclaims: "Sir, I would not cling to England one single hour after I was convinced that the friendship of North America 'was undervalued, and that the status to which we may reasonably aspire had been refused. But I will endeavour, while asserting the rights of my native land with boldness, to perpetuate our connection with the British Isles, the home of our fathers, the cradle of our race.'"

In one respect Howe went farther than his friend Haliburton, for he outlined a specific scheme for the attainment of their common object. In his pamphlet entitled "The Organisation of the Empire," published in London in 1866, he proposed "to treat all the colonies which have legislatures, and where the system of responsible government is in operation, as having achieved a higher political status than crown colonies or foreign dependencies, and to permit them to send to the House of Commons one, two or three members of their cabinets." After giving his reasons for suggesting this particular mode of representation, and after discussing the proper limits of the jurisdiction of the reconstructed imperial parliament, Mr. Howe asks: "Would the colonists value this privilege? I think they would, but if they did not, their mouths would be closed!"

"Having made this step in advance," he declared, "I would proceed to treat the whole Empire as the British Islands are treated, holding every man liable to serve the Queen in war and making every pound's worth of property responsible for the national defence."

Mr. Howe next proposes that a decennial census in all parts of the Empire should be provided for, to embrace certain specified details. Then, after sketching the outline of a bill for the organisa-

tion of the imperial defences, he goes on to suggest various methods for raising the imperial defence funds. He argues for a rebate in the assessment of the colonies' contributions on two excellent grounds: they have not so much to defend as the older and richer mother land, and a less proportion of the imperial funds would be expended in them.

Howe does not seem to have been wedded to his own or any other scheme, for he observes that:

"If the general principle be admitted, we need not waste time with the details, which actuaries and accountants can adjust. Fair allowance being made, under these two heads, I can see no reason why the colonies should not contribute in peace and war their fair quotas towards the defence of the Empire.

"If once organised and consolidated, under a system mutually advantageous and universally known, there would be an end of all jealousies between the taxpayers at home and abroad. We should no longer be weakened by discussions about defence or propositions for dismemberment, and the irritation which is now kept up by shallow thinkers and mischievous politicians would give place to a general feeling of brotherhood, of confidence, of mutual exertion, dependence and security. The great powers of Europe and America would at once recognise the wisdom and forethought out of which had sprung this national combination, and they would be slow to test its strength. We should secure peace on every side by the notoriety given to the fact, that on every side we were prepared for war.

"But suppose this policy propounded and the appeal made, and that the response is a determined negative. Even in that case it would be wise to make it, because the public conscience of the mother country would then be clear, and the hands of her statesmen free, to deal with the whole question of national defence, in its broadest outlines or in its bearing on the case of any single province or group of provinces, which might then be dealt with in a more independent manner.

"But I will not for a moment do my fellow-colonists the injustice to suspect that they will decline a fair compromise of a question which involves at once their own protection and the consolidation and security of the Empire. At all events, if there are any communities of British origin anywhere, who desire to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of the Queen's subjects without paying for and defending them, let us ascertain where and who they are—let us measure the proportions of political repudiation now, in a season of tranquillity—when we have leisure to gauge the extent of the evil and to apply



correctives, rather than wait till war finds us unprepared and leaning upon presumptions in which there is no reality."

Howe did not believe it was the duty of the friends of the Empire, but the policy of its enemies, to attempt to divide its forces; the task of its friends was to unite and combine. He wrote to the Right Hon. C. B. Adderley:

"If I understand your argument, you would have half a hundred little standing armies scattered all over the globe, paid out of fifty treasuries, and with uniforms as various as were the colours in Joseph's coat, with no centre of union, no common discipline, no provision for mutual succour and support. I would have one army that could be massed within a few days or weeks on any point of the frontier, moved by one head, animated by one spirit, paid from one treasury."

Mr. Howe proposed no half-measures. He believed that to evoke imperial enthusiasm among his countrymen, to rouse them from their long lethargy, it was more desirable to offer them full citizenship, full representation, full rights, full responsibilities, and full contribution—save the fair rebate which he so ably justified. If any fire of imperial patriotism smouldered beneath the ashes, he believed in using the bellows and blowing it to a flame. He believed in smiting the rock and letting the waters flow, if they were there. And if they were not, he thought we had better know it and govern ourselves accordingly. The quality of patriotism is not strained; and a thorough scheme of organisation, he thought, would be more acceptable to proud and unrepresented communities than repeated requests for uncovenanted assistance.

It is true that the establishment of the Dominion, and subsequently of the Commonwealth of Australia, will simplify the process of imperial federation, if it ever is to be. But Howe's opposition to the confederation of the provinces was not inconsistent with his imperial patriotism, if not partly dictated by it. He probably reasoned that, while the provinces remained apart, all their ultra-provincial patriotism would go to the mother land, all their national pride and ambition would be monopolised by the

Empire. London would be their only metropolis.

"London is large enough for me. London, the commercial centre of the world, the nursing mother of universal enterprise, the home of the arts, the city of Empire, the fountain head of civilisation! London, where the lady we love sits enthroned in the hearts of her subjects; and where the statesmen, the orators, historians, and poets who have illustrated the vigour of our race and the compass of our language, repose beneath piles so venerable we do not miss the cornice and the plaster. London, where the archives of a nationality not created in a fortnight are preserved, where personal liberty is secured by the decisions of free courts and where legislative chambers, the most elevated in tone, control the national counsels and guard the interests of the Empire."

Howe's imperial views and aspirations, which are merely alluded to a few times in Judge Longley's otherwise excellent *Life of Howe*, are mainly quoted from a paper read by the present writer before the Nova Scotia Historical Society early in 1903. That paper concluded as follows:

"To the discredit of his mother land and of his native province, this imperial and provincial patriot died without a title and rests without a monument. The shame, if not the pride, of his countrymen will yet erect that slowly subscribed memorial. And when his slowly erected statue is crumbling on its pedestal, Howe's name will be more widely known than it is to-day. Had his energy, his eloquence, his vast local influence, been cast against imperial unity instead of in its favour, it is not unlikely that the Maritime Provinces, perhaps the whole of British North America, would now be forming States in the great republic.

"If the consolidation of the Empire be effected, Howe will rank as one of its earliest and ablest and bravest champions. And if the untied bundle of sticks is to fall apart before it is bound, if the unhooped barrel is to collapse, then, through the 'shadows, clouds and darkness' which he foresaw would attend the downfall, then, through the gloom of the eclipse, will shine the names of those unheeded statesmen who struggled to avert the doom; and Howe will live in history among the paladins of the Great Lost Cause."

A statue of Howe in a characteristic attitude has since been erected in our Parliament Square, and is a credit to the sculptor, Mr. L. P. Hébert. It is to be hoped that this statue may be followed by another in Ottawa and a third in London. "Representation first, all

the rest afterwards! The stone lips of Howe still cry those words aloud in the shadow of Halifax Citadel," writes Mr. W. A. Gill, special correspondent of the *London Morning Post*, in its issue of Sept. 27, 1905. In the course of his striking eulogy Mr. Gill styles Howe "one of the noblest orators of our race, one of the first philosophers who publicly grasped the imperial idea in its modern form . . . that man of inspired

aspect, of inspired tongue, of imperial mind and imperial utterance."

"Let us tread in his footsteps!" said Joseph Chamberlain, whose attention was first called to Joseph Howe's imperialism during the late campaign. And if Mr. Chamberlain himself had trod in the footsteps of the Nova Scotian statesman, and not chosen a misleading path indicated by less sincere imperialists, he might now be very much nearer his goal.

## The Tragedies of a Night

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS



HE sky was cloudless, steely-looking and full of stars. The bright moon hung so low that she seemed almost to touch the tree-tops as she rode silently over the silent woods. Her rays played among the branches, turned the clearings into dazzling seas of brightness, and behind the pines, cedars and balsams, in deep contrast, cast shadows of thick, impenetrable blackness. Silence, moonlight, and shadow held undisputed sway.

An old road wound in and out among the trees, a twisting, twining band of whiteness, broken only here and there where a giant pine threw jagged bits of shadow farther than its fellows. Where a great tree-covered hill stood in the way the road ran part way up the side, and then, evidently getting tired, ceased to climb, and dipped sharply to the left down into the valley, following it all the way round. On the right, as it wound its way through, was the heavy cedar-wooded hillside. On the left a woods of poplar and other light growths stretched away to a tamarack swamp. Woods-dwellers were on both sides of the road in plenty, but as yet no track had broken its even softness, no sound had touched to vibration and life the silent, waiting air.

But as the night lost its youngness, and the moon swung clear and distinct from the tree-tops, there was a movement at

the edge of the poplar growth, and suddenly, quickly, like a drifted leaf, a weasel crossed the road. The night was beginning, and his was the first track to mark its doings. Then a big rabbit jumped from under a log in the woods and came hopping towards the road. After a jump more lengthy than usual across a little hollow, he lighted on a deceptive knoll that settled with him, crackled loudly, and then let him down among some twigs that betrayed his presence to every listener in the silent woods. With long, scared leaps he left the place, not crossing the road after all, but hastily finding refuge among the evergreens whence he came.

The little people of the night are for the most part silent in the pursuance of their affairs, and unusual noises startle and silence them, so for long there was neither sound nor motion 'mong the moonlit ways. A slight breeze though, began to stir the topmost, smallest branches, and a few silky, silvery cloud-shreds drifted across the moonlight, making alternate light and shadow. A mouse, the smallest of all creatures that go by night, seized his opportunity when the moonlight was thus less bright, and lightly skipped across the open roadway, disappearing among the roots of an old stump.

Up to an evergreen bough that hung low upon the snow, close to that very stump, and from the thickest, darkest

part of the woods, led a track—a track that sank heavily into the soft woods-clothing, and utterly, hopelessly, until many snows should fall, spoiled its virginity—a fox track. And at the end of the track, from behind the sheltering bough, gleamed two eyes, eyes with the kill-lust in them. Mousie had been seen. Reynard's hunting that night had been poor hunting, so that as he watched the spot where the mouse had disappeared his appetite took on a keener edge, the hunger-look deepened around his eyes and jaws, and he sank deeper in his tracks. A little field-mouse! What was it? Faugh! A mere mouthful! But hunger drove, so he waited—waited.

Over the swamp-land a great owl hovered, as silent as the silent land below him. Save for an occasional wing-beat he seemed motionless, but he was ever drifting, drifting, intently, patiently, expectantly. In slow, widening circles he moved round and round, just above the tree-tops. But no sound nor motion rewarded his searching, so, slowly drifting as before, he swung away from the swamp, over the poplars, and towards the evergreens across the old road. Oh! how long supper was in coming, and how the hunger grew! Moonlight and shadow played all through the woods, but nothing warm, alive, seemed stirring. All was cold, silent, lifeless.

Slowly the poplar woods slipped by beneath him, and he began to cross the road. Hovering a moment to scan its open surface, his eye caught a movement at the other side. For a breath he hung motionless, then suddenly, with quick, fast-following wing-beats, he shot earthward, a fire in his eye, a warmth at his heart. The little field-mouse had once more ventured forth and, transfixed at first by the great grey thunderbolt that hurled itself at him, he waited, fascinated, for death to come, but the open beak and hanging, wide-stretched claws nerved him, and he dodged and dodged, swiftly,

sharply, but each second more hopelessly, till at last the terror came nearer, nearer, smothered him—snuffed him out.

The owl stood upon the snow, one claw upon the already quiet body of the mouse, ready for his long-sought meal. He dalled a little. After all the waiting, watching, it was so good to be sure of his supper. Slowly he lowered his head, ready for the warm, juicy mouthful. But as he did so, there was a stir behind the low-hanging evergreen bough. Reynard crouched a little lower in his tracks. His muscles stiffened, they became hard as iron. His eyes gleamed, and his mouth was half-open. He gauged the distance, moved just clear of the bough, and with a little run and a great jump landed with a snarl and snapping jaws fair upon the owl. His teeth had missed their mark, but with one foot he held down, deep into the snow, a great wide-spreading wing. Again and again he lunged forward, at the head, at the neck, and again and again he missed or was met by snapping beak and open, grasping, ripping claw. His hold on the win was slipping, slipping. He was losing. He could taste warm blood, but it was his own dripping from his lacerated muzzle. His head was sore from the repeated blows of the free wing. He was nearly done. But with bared fangs and red, gaping mouth, he lunged still again and again. Then ah-h! His teeth drew together, sank through the feathers and deep into the flesh, the warm red flesh.

A filmy mistiness crept all across the sky, and gradually, silently, obscured the moon and stars. Darkness, soft and enveloping, fell upon the woods-world, and a few snowflakes, big and slow-falling, drifted among the trees. And as they fell and as the darkness grew, a little spot under the cedars where lay a mass of blood-stains, bones and feathers, faded, slipped into dimness, blended with the night.

# The True Garden Lover

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD



O the true garden-lover a plot of ground and a package of seeds are a potential paradise. The size of the ground is unimportant—provided, at least, that it is large enough to walk about in, and not too large for one's personal management. If the ground is one's own, so much (immeasurably much) the better. If it is rented or borrowed, we can console ourselves with Jean Ingelow's philosophic saying:

"For me are the hills in their best,  
And all that's made is mine."

Or if that is a little too abstract to be comforting, let us reflect that whatever we can induce to grow out of that land—and therefore a share of the land itself—is inalienably ours! These spicy-flowered shrubs that we have raised from tiny shoots, these gorgeous blossoms of which we have sowed the seed and tended the plant; these are ours to take where we will.

The love of a garden will even lure one out of the softest of beds at unheard of hours in the morning, dewy hours too near the dawn's cool splendour to be quite comfortable or human. Only in the garden can they make any claim to loveliness—and even there, why is it that dawn is so much more sad than sunset? Is the touch of sadness in ourselves and caused by that lowered vitality which results from the sun's long absence? Or is it from the knowledge that those ethereal colours will so soon be merged and lost in the lonely blaze of noon? With sunset, there is all the starry or moon-lit wonder of night to follow; the rich hues do not fade, but deepen.

But the garden-led will confront the dawn with a cheerful spirit, in order perchance to tuck away some seeds in the brown mold before the heat makes stooping uncomfortable. Yet, ten chances to one, noon will find him (which pronoun, be it understood, just as often means her) bending over the drills, planting curly beet

or tiny carrot seeds in the full glare of the sun, patting the earth down lovingly on each row, and straightening an aching back at last, with a sense of "something accomplished, something done," which no other work seems to produce so completely.

Yet this is, to a certain extent, the prose of gardening. When it comes to the sowing of flower-seeds, the setting out of roots and shrubs, the arranging of seats in shady nooks and arbours in sunnier spaces—then indeed we have found the poetry of labor. Here, for our pleasant hours of toil and watchfulness, the bare brown earth shall break rejoicing into the scarlet of poppies, the gold of daffodils, the deep intense blue of monk's-hood and larkspur. As we cover up the tiny seeds, we picture, with "that inner eye" which does so much the largest share of our seeing, the masses of pure colour that shall gleam and glow against the restful green of shrubbery and lawn. We build our summer-houses before their frame-work is made, and train the vines before their roots are planted—and here, in a few short weeks, see our faith justified and our hopes more than realised. It is a very good, direct, and beautiful lesson, if we will be honest enough to read it.

The true garden-lover has, in Summer at least, an almost unfair advantage over those unfortunate mortals who do not share his passion. When things go wrong—slightly, moderately wrong, that is!—with other, less delightful occupations, when life grows complicated and people are perplexing, he can fly to the refuge of the green, walled garden, and forget small troubles while he wields the rake or hoe. The good brown earth has healing in it, one's trees whisper kindly in the warm wind, and the bird-voices have, we think, a friendly note. In the sweet air things assume their right proportions; the freaks of fashion, the endless empty chatter of city life, the strife for wealth, dwindle in importance to their true pigmy size;

and what the world counts but a little thing, shows large enough to fill a man's life.

Among the poets we recognise some few as true lovers of the garden—not merely of flowers (for almost every one admires those), but of the whole thing, earth and air, grass and trees, and the work that keeps them in perfection. Elizabeth Barrett Browning has many touches which show this genuine feeling. In "Hector in the Garden," how lovingly she draws the picture of the garden of her childhood, where she raked and weeded, and thought the "long, long thoughts" of youth! And what a charm she weaves in "The Deserted Garden," where the child creeps through the hedge and finds

"A circle smooth of mossy ground  
Beneath a poplar tree.

"Old garden roses hedged it in,  
Bedropt with roses waxen-white;  
Well satisfied with dew and light  
And careless to be seen.

"Long years ago it might befall  
When all the garden flowers were trim,  
The grave old gardener prided him  
On these the most of all.

"Some lady, stately overmuch,  
Here moving with a silken noise,  
Has blushed beside them at the voice  
That likened her to such."

Tennyson's gardens, as a rule, are mere backgrounds for fair ladies, who are always leaning over their flowers, or training vines—to show their lovely arms. But one of his garden-pieces strikes the note of perfection; no amount of parody can dim the beauty of "Come into the Garden, Maude."

Wordsworth has given us glimpses of gardens set among his great mountains like jewels on a giant's armour, and his yellow daffodils dance through the world's vision for all time.

Bacon sums up the matter with his much-quoted "God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures." But the true garden-lover need not go as far as that. Friendship and love—and even duty—may be dearer, but the garden has a special and peculiar niche in his affections from which none may oust it. Here he shall come for hope in the young morning, at noon-tide for refreshments, and in the fragrant twilight for tranquillity and dream.

## McClosky's Boy in the City

By ADELINE M. TESKEY, Author of "Where the Sugar Maple Grows," "The Village Artist," etc.



E was brought up in a small country village, and was therefore unacquainted with the advantages and artificialities of the city. He knew, by the touch of his bare foot, all the interesting nooks and corners around his home within a radius of five miles. More than once he had acted as a guide to city people, who were spending their summer in the village, when they were willing to follow his lead through marsh and over fen, to see the dams which were built by the beavers when the country was newer. The whiffs of fragrance from the clover meadows, the hallelujah chorus of the million bees in the apple blossoms, the

fiddling of the grasshopper, the filing of the cricket, the songs of the birds, and the laughter of the brooks, were all familiar joys to him. He loved all the living things in the whole-hearted, unreserved way in which a boy can love. He could discern the footprints of the fox, the weasel, the ground-squirrel, or other marauder which visited the hencoops of the village; and he often chuckled in his secret heart at their sly manoeuvres.

But more than anything else in God's outdoors McClosky's Boy loved the birds. He had climbed trees almost as soon as he could walk, to peep into the nests; he had carried the young birds many a time in his smutty little hands to save them



from the cats; he had put them back in their nests when they had accidentally fallen out; he had learned to imitate many of their calls, and knew more about their fascinating ways than any other boy in the neighbourhood. It was his delight to listen to the pewee's "one sweetly solemn thought" rising up with the night mists; and when it grew darker, the whippoorwill's plaint, or the startling "whoo-oo-o-o" of the owl. He even had, on more nights than one, heard bird-songs in his dreams.

There were occasions on which he had wished that the school-house would burn down—he had dreamed several times of looking on that delightful conflagration—and thus allow him, at least, the space of time that it would take to build another school-house, to live in the bird world. But despite this delinquency, he had made admirable progress with his studies; when but thirteen he had passed all the examinations which admitted him to a higher grade school than was to be found in the village. The schoolmaster was very proud of his prodigy, and as the boy's parents were poor, he succeeded in getting some of the well-to-do people interested enough in the lad to send him off to a city school.

The boy was to enter the city school after Easter, but as the village schoolmaster was going to the city the Saturday before, it was thought that the boy should accompany him, and have his assistance about procuring a boarding place. The master returned that evening, leaving the lad among strangers for the first time in his life.

McClosky's Boy had been brought up to go to church, so, the next morning being Sunday, he donned his one white shirt, which his mother had warned him to keep for such occasions, brushed his suit that had to serve alike Sundays and week-days, and was ready.

As he was walking down stairs from his room, he heard the lady of the house say: "This is Easter Sunday, and every woman will have on a new Easter hat, or bonnet." Somehow, this piece of information had a depressing effect on McClosky's Boy, and he said within himself, "If they're goin' to be so all-fired

dressed up, I won't go." So, when he thought himself unnoticed, he slipped out of the house, and wandered off to make friends in this great lonesome city with the cats, and the dogs, and the birds—if he could find any.

He had not gone far before he heard music. "There is in music something that traverses the ear as a door, the reason as a vestibule, and which goes yet further." With McClosky's Boy it had gone "further." He found himself strangely tranquillised and attracted. He entered the church from whence the sweet sounds were proceeding; pushing one of the doors covered with crimson cloth, which opened from the vestibule into the audience room, he discovered that the audience had not yet assembled, and that an old, gray-haired man was playing the pipe-organ. The attractive power of the music kept growing stronger and stronger, and forgetting that he had made up his mind he would not go to church, among grand Easter hats and bonnets, he crept quickly and silently into one of the back seats.

It was the first time McClosky's Boy had ever heard a pipe-organ, and the deep, subtle melody touched chords within his being of which he had never before been conscious. The instrument sang, laughed, wept, prayed, and agonised under a master hand, and McClosky's Boy thought of home, mother, heaven, and all the good and beautiful things that had ever come into his life; and he wished, yea, *longed*, to be better than he was.

This mood was dispelled by the incoming congregation. He soon found himself seated behind an exceedingly well-dressed throng of men and women. He could scarcely see the organist any longer, being a stocky little fellow, with plumed hats and high bonnets obstructing his view. He had to crane his neck painfully to catch a glimpse of the minister, when he came into the pulpit.

It required such an effort to keep his mind on the sermon, when he could not see the minister, that he gave up the attempt, and turned his attention to what he *could* see.

The birds and wings on the women's

bonnets and hats were the most noticeable things within his line of vision.

"That kind," he said to himself, eyeing a bird on a bonnet in front of him, "builds its nest in the crotch of a tree, up high—wonder how she ketched him." (McClosky's Boy was not at all skilled in the secrets of millinery, and had a vague idea that each woman in some way had snared the bird that adorned her bonnet.) "Lines it all with some soft downy thing, most like silk, an' lays five eggs—little speckled fellers. Sits on the top of a Norway spruce, an' sings like sixty—specially when it's thunderin' an' lightenin'. That's a cuckoo," he continued, turning to another bonnet; "I can't see its feet with all them ribbons, but it oughter have two toes in front an' two behind. Don't sing much, but makes a noise like a tree-toad; builds his nest in a low bush, an', like enough, poor codger, that's how he came to get ketched. He lives near streams generally, an' my goodness! if he don't eat caterpillars!—an' if there ain't a hull flock of little weenchy hummin' birds!"

McClosky's Boy came near forgetting that he was in the house of God, so wrought up were his feelings, and almost spoke his thoughts aloud.

"Och! I call that mean, to take advantage of them leetle fellers—not much bigger than a bum-bee! I've seen 'em dippin' them long bills into the honey-suckle on the school-master's verandah at home, an' drawin' the honey out by the—" he stopped as if his vocabulary failed to supply a word. "How in the mischief did she ketch so many of 'em?"

"I've tried over an' over again, an' I never could catch *one*. Wouldn't 'a' killed it if I had; jest took a good look at it—*my*, how its little heart would thump—an' then let it fly away. I mind the little wee nest in the hickory I climbed—all lined with fluffy bits of cat-tails, soft as a feather-bed, all fixed over on the outside as nice as you please, *jest exactly* like the bark on a tree—an' there's a song-sparrow, 'pon my word, on that woman's hat, with his head perked up as if he was lookin' up into the sky an' askin' God not to let her ketch him. Wonder if he'll sing again.

They say there'll be lots o' singin' in heaven. Wonder if song-sparrows, an' canaries, an' catbirds, an' fly-catchers will do any of it?"

Here McClosky's Boy looked dreamy and reminiscent; his eyes wandered away from the bonnets toward a stained-glass window in the end of the church, a work of art which was intended to be a representation of the stoning of Stephen.

"They killed him, too," whispered McClosky's Boy sorrowfully, "'cause they was bigger an' stronger than him. Men did it.... Men an' women are both cruel," he added philosophically.

His eyes soon came back to the bonnets. "I swan," he continued, "if there ain't a wild duck's wing—an' a hull pigeon's breast—an' a phoebe—an' a grosbeak!"

"There's a blue-jay," he said, again turning his attention to the bonnets, "an' a blackbird, an' a robin, an' a little yellow-hammer, an'—" He was ranning his neck for another look at what he thought was a new kind of bird, when he caught the eyes of a church official sternly fixed upon him. He straightened up.

The church had been wonderfully decorated with flowers for this day of days, their perfume filled the place like incense, the choir had given some of its grandest Easter music, the minister had preached a sermon of great resurrection power, but McClosky's Boy went out from that church feeling depressed. He hadn't heard a word of the sermon—did not even know the text.

"I s'pose it was for their Easter hats an' bunnets they killed all them birds," he said moodily. "Och, Easter!" with a little shiver at the thought of so many of his dead favourites. "I'll never come to church again!" he added fiercely. "I'll chuck a cracker into my pocket Sundays an' go out to the park an' feed 'em; the robins 'll eat anyhow, an' after awhile the sparrows, an' p'raps the bluebirds.

"I'll go when I get back to the village," he added, as his conscience gave him a twinge when he remembered how his mother had always insisted on his church-going.



# Jake Trinnigan's Come-all-Ye

A Newfoundland Story

By THEODORE ROBERTS, Author of "*Brothers of Peril*," etc.



AKE TRINNIGAN was the acknowledged bard of Round Robin Cove. No incident of local importance escaped his rhymed interpretation. His "come-all-ye's" were chorused up and down the coast, and in the forecastles of many a foreign-going barque and barquentine.

A "come-all-ye" is a form of ballad that is not confined to the coasts of Newfoundland. It is to be met with in many rural districts of the North American continent as well. It gets its name from the constant repetition of the phrase "come all ye hardy sailormen," or "fishermen," or "lumbermen," as the case may be. It is usually sung to a tune of the simplest kind—to one that enables the performer to devote all his attention to the words. In fact, the thing would be as well spoken, if a man were only able to speak as loud as he can sing. Sometimes an accordion or a fiddle joins in the rendition. Like the legend of old the come-all-ye is circulated only by word of mouth, for the makers of these "topical" poems are not contributors to the magazines.

Round Robin Cove gets its name from the "Round Robin," which is a flat, circular rock lying in the bay just beyond the mouth of the little harbour. Why the rock is called "Round Robin" is more than I can say. The village is made up of about a dozen cabins, an equal number of drying-stages and fish stores, a chapel, a meeting-house, and two grave-yards. Back of it lies the inscrutable barren, and before it flash the merry waves and roll the dank fogs of the inscrutable sea. Its inhabitants differ in no wise from the other simple and rugged folk of those regions. The women are large, for the most part, with good complexions, and a rolling gait acquired by walking on the springing surfaces of the "flakes" or drying-stages. Most of the men get berths on the sealing steamers for the

spring voyage northward, fish all summer, and *exist*, with more or less discomfort and an occasional revel, during the winter. A few of them sail to Spain or South America on the "fish" vessels of St. John's and Harbour Grace.

The belle of Round Robin Cove was Bridget Malloy. Her hair was black; her eyes were grey; her voice was like music when she laughed; she was tall, and roundly made; perfect health and the sea winds lit her eyes and cheeks. Thanks to the fact that her father, Skipper Morris Malloy, was a "planter"—a trader of varied merchandise for dried fish—she was able to dress more effectively than the other girls of the place. Red was a favourite colour with her.

A dozen stout young fishermen were in love with Bridget. At no time during the last five years had the number been less than that; often enough it ran up to twenty. It was wonderful to see what a level keel she kept through all this courting and rivalry. It was diverting—unpleasantly diverting, if that could be—to see what the other girls of the harbour felt toward Bridget Malloy. If looks and lies could kill, Bridget's wake would have been celebrated long ago. Lies can kill. But no slander was hell-sharpened enough to cut through that girl's armour of loveliness. She was kind to the girls and polite to the men, and frank with the whole of her little world. So no one believed a word of what the other girls said; and they, of course, knew how black were the lies they told. To their credit be it said, that after getting used to seeing all the boys admiring Bridget more than any of themselves, they desisted from the more flagrant features of their story-telling, and rose to being only feebly spiteful.

When Bridget was seventeen years of age a youth named Patrick Walsh seemed to have found favour in her eyes. But the farther seas lured him away. When she was twenty, Jake Trinnigan believed him-

self to be the favoured one, but in his heart lurked a suspicion of Pat Walsh. He was glad that Pat was a wanderer. He hoped that the glamour of foreign ports would keep him out of Round Robin Cove for some years to come. In the meantime he would wipe the image of that foxy-headed sailorman out of Bridget's heart, working on the doubtful hypothesis that it was there.

News of the wrecking of the barquentine *Eskimo* somewhere in the Caribbean Sea reached Round Robin Cove just about that time, and filled Trinnigan with joy. He had nothing against the *Eskimo*, but Patrick Walsh was one of her crew, and the subject of a come-all-ye lay ready to his hand. With his art he would defeat his distant rival and win the love of Bridget. For days, for weeks, he worked over the rhymes of what he dreamed would be his masterpiece. In his plunging skiff, as he "jigged" the foolish cod, and at the splitting table, as he skilfully worked his knife upon them, lines of the song came to him. They came slowly, and were committed to memory one by one. In this case he had a double task, for he had to invent the story as well as the words, as no particulars of the shipwreck had reached the Cove. But he soon found that this was rather an advantage than otherwise. It left his genius unfettered.

His friends soon saw what he was about, though they did not guess his sinister purpose.

"Ah, b'y," remarked his father, "ye be studyin' on anodder o' t'ay po-ums, baint ye?"

Jake complacently admitted that such was the case. The elder Trinnigan chuckled, and slapped his toil-bitten hand against his knee. He was a great admirer of Jake's talent. He fondly believed that it was inherited from himself.

"When will ye tell it to us?" he enquired. "Sure, b'y, I be fair achin' to hear it. Pipe us a line or two, now."

Jake shook his head, and regarded his parent reprovingly.

"It baint so easy," he said, "t'is makin' songs. Ye talk as if it were splittin' fish."

Mike Trinnigan looked at his wife, with pride in his eye.

"Jake be o' right," he said. "Sure, but who wud t'ink to see a big feller like our Jake, wid arms like var trees, able to study out t'ay complete rhymes. I had a feelin' t'at way meself, once."

Word by word, line by line, stanza by stanza, Jake built up and treasured away his wonderful come-all-ye. His friends begged for enlightenment, but all in vain. Even Bridget knew nothing of it, save that the subject was the wreck of the good barquentine *Eskimo*. But, to tell you the truth, Bridget made no enquiries into the matter, despite Jake's careful-casual remarks concerning the great song he was "studyin' òut."

"But it's herself that'll wake up w'in she hears what a fool I've made o' t'at foxy-headed Pat Walsh," he told himself. But in his heart clung a shadow of doubt like a shred of fog on a sunlit cliff. Bridget smiled on him. Bridget danced with him. But when it came to encircling Bridget with his arm the slap which he received on the ear was in no way suggestive of coquetry. His simple nature could not comprehend the distinctions. A dozen times he goaded his courage *almost* to the point of asking her to marry him; and a dozen times his courage oozed away before the calm regard of her bright eyes.

"But it'll work out," he told himself. "Sure, an' it'll be right in a mont' or two. Jus' wait till she hears me sing t'at come-all-ye!"

Word went 'round the harbour that Jake Trinnigan's new come-all-ye would be a feature of the Twelfth-Night spree at Skipper Morris Malloy's. Malloy's place was a big, low dwelling that had been built, a century ago, by a man of substance. The crowning night of that season of merry-making arrived, and the whole settlement gathered in the Malloy's low-ceilinged living-room. On a table beside the chimney sat the orchestra, comprised of Black Garge Toolan with his fiddle, Nick Kelly with his accordion, and old Denis McKeef with his flute. The room was indifferently lighted by lanterns and tallow candles. Most of these were placed about the upper end of the apartment, on the chimney-piece and the big dresser. The corners, and the benches arranged by the door for the convenience

of the old people, were in shadow. Outside, the wind blustered and bellowed, shouted the surf along Round Robin and dashed its burden of sleet against roof and wall. Inside, the orchestra tuned its instruments, the young people took up their positions for the first quadrille, and the old men and women recalled the glory of their own dancing days. Their pipes reeked. Their host visited them with a mug, and a bottle of seasonable cheer. They were hot and happy. Just as the fiddle, the accordion, and the flute struck into the opening bars of the dance, and the girls and boys stamped their feet and swung their bodies, a stranger let himself into the room and sat down beside old Paddy Walsh. He was a small man, with merry blue eyes. Sleet glistened in his red beard.

After an hour's stamping and leaping, Jake Trinnigan felt in condition to do justice to his masterpiece. He vaulted onto the table. The dancers sagged against the walls, and the orchestra stilled its efforts.

"Gi' us a tune, b'y," said Jake to the fiddler. Then he began:

"Come all ye hardy sailormen  
Who face t'e win's dat blow,  
And harken to me little song  
O' t'e good ship Eskimo.

"She left her fish at Pernambuc,  
As everybody knows;  
An' laid her course fer Hanchell's in  
The isle of Barbados.

"The sea were calm, the sea were still,  
T'e win' ye cudn't feel;

T'e skipper sipped his grog below,—  
Pat Walsh were at t'e wheel.

"Pat Walsh were at t'e wheel, my b'ys—  
His head were shinin' bright;  
A steamer sighted it, and t'ought  
It were a starboard light."

"For shame, Jake Trinnigan," cried Bridget.

The girls giggled. The men stamped their feet on the floor and hammered the wainscotting with their heels. "Go on, Jake," they cried.

Flushed with that reckless pride that is at one time or another felt by every poet, Jake sang on:

"Pat Walsh were at t'e wheel, me b'ys,  
His hair were shinin' red;  
T'e harmless skipper sat below,  
T'e bo'sun were in bed.

"T'e steamer t'ought she'd cross her bows,  
(Still Pat persued his dream).  
T'e steamer cum at t'irty knots,  
An' smacked her fair abeam."

"Ye're a liar, Jake, me b'y," sang out a clear voice from the far end of the room, "an', begobs, I'll learn ye not to make pouns on t'ings ye don't know nothin' about."

Old people screamed, benches were overturned. A short, square-set figure landed on the table beside the breathless bard of Round Robin Cove. Trinnigan presently descended to the floor, shoulder first. The short man followed him, feet first, and advanced to where Bridget Malloy leaned against the wall.

"T'is be our dance, Bridget," he said.  
"Sure, Pat, b'y," said Bridget.

## Her Rosary

By GENEVIEVE KENNEDY

OUTSIDE her window the big arc light, with much sputter and buzzing, had shot its first gleam into the twilight of a grey day. She sat in a big chair in front of a bright wood fire; her toes stretched out to the blaze.

She did not realise how quickly the cheery glow was chasing the lines from

off her tired little face—the face of an unmarried woman—small, wistful, rather commonplace withal. She was telling her rosary. I stole noiselessly into the room and peered over the high-backed chair.

She could not see me and I couldn't see any sign of a rosary—but she had told

me once that every night when the day's work was over she did so, and it was such a "comfy."

I had loved her in a strange way for quite a number of years, and the reason I loved her was partly because of the rosary. Her hands rested idly in her lap—I think her rosary must have been hidden in the heart of the glowing logs as one by one she counted them. The first bead was small and dimmed by years of disuse; her lips unconsciously murmured the old nickname, and from out her rosary of fire the little bright, petite, sensitive face answered. Tears filled the brown eyes, a sigh fluttered the reddish curls. "We'll always be friends," the voice reiterated. But, as I said, that bead was very indistinct, and the prayers of schoolgirls are easily answered. As the second bead was told, I saw the lines in her forehead deepen a bit. That face was still a factor in her life, but between them lay "the sea of change," maybe a sea whose troubled waters she had no oil wherewith to smooth. But the sad little mouth smiles lovingly as her fingers touch number three. "Ave Maria," 'tis the face of her dear old room-mate, which looks lovingly, loyally into her own. The face of a glad soul strong and sweet. A face conquering by the power of inherent truth and steadfast purpose. Ah, yes,

that bead can never cease to be counted as long as prayers are said!

The beads slip through the fingers more quickly as the blaze dies down to a steady glow.

Faces from distant places and diverging paths in life pass rapidly by; only a few, comparatively, are the faces of men, and but three of these the lips and fingers give pause to—the three who loved her best, but to whose prayers there was no response from the voice within.

As she neared the end of her devotions the light of possession illumined her face and showed the grey eyes, if wistful, yet very tender.

The faces from out the three or four beads remaining looked straight into her own. "Thy friend will come to thee unsought; with nothing can his love be bought," they said.

The fire is quite low now; the grey eyes entirely hidden. But the mist of sleep does not obliterate the vision, nor the firm hands relax their hold—they have come to the last bead on the rosary.

Through office routine, and evenings lonely, despite distance and all misunderstandings, the dear face she always loves is echoing back the heart's "Ave Maria," and a woman's voice is telling "God sent you to me, and He said, 'Behold, a friend!'"

## The Hopeless Quest

BY HELEN MARKEY

HE wandered far from off the beaten track;  
He trod in tangled paths to find a Truth  
In which to rest secure from warring creeds  
And clouds of doubt that mocked his faith of youth.

He clambered Life's steep heights, and found but Fame—  
Its power, he felt, might bid his soul's strife cease;  
When softly breathed a Voice: "No rest you'll know  
Until you climb to Me. Lo, I am Peace."



FORT MCLEOD—BUILT BY SIMON FRASER IN 1805  
From Morice's "History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia"

## One Hundred Years in British Columbia

By HAROLD SANDS



IMPORTANT in the annals of British Columbia is the merry month of May. On its 20th day, 1806, just 100 years ago, Simon Fraser, explorer, fur-hunter, empire-builder, set out from his Rocky Mountain post on the voyage of discovery which ultimately resulted in the finding of the great river which bears his name, and in proving that the hitherto described "unknown river" bore no relation to the Columbia, as many voyageurs thought it might. On May 28, two years later, his canoes first rested on the waters of the turbulent stream, and in May, 1809, he got back to Montreal, where he was acknowledged as the founder of New Caledonia, the explorer of the main fluvial artery of British Columbia, and one of the first residents of the Province, as the Rev. G. A. Morice, O.M.D., so aptly puts it in his "History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia."

It is a poor year now that does not see

some centenary celebration. In the early years of 1800 the foundations of British Columbia were being well and truly laid—chiefly, be it noted, by Scotsmen. The Pacific Province can have, if so it feels inclined, a centenary celebration of some notable event, or some conspicuous man, for a decade or so. But the people on the Coast are too busy carving out the present to pay much attention to the buried past. For this reason they allowed the hundredth anniversary of the landing at Nootka of Cook, the great navigator, to pass by as if 1778 was an unimportant date in their history; a few enthusiasts in Victoria did attempt to make 1892 memorable as the centenary of the arrival on the Coast of Captain George Vancouver, but the general public took little interest in the affair; then again 1893, which marked the centenary of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's arrival at Bella Coola "from Canada by land"—as he inscribed on a giant cedar on that arm of the Pacific—went by without any historic festival,



SIMON FRASER

*From a Photograph by James Hawes, Cornwall, C.W.  
By kindness William Briggs*

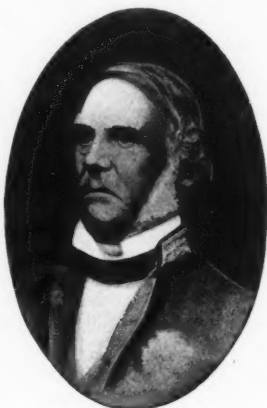
while 1905, which saw an important anniversary: that of the founding of Fort McLeod—the first post in the northern interior—by Simon Fraser, which occurred in 1805, was quite forgotten on the Coast until after the Lewis and Clark Fair had closed its doors. Much as Canadians enjoyed and lauded the exhibition at Portland, Oregon, it contained something of bitterness for the thoughtful in the Dominion, for it showed them the resources of a rich country, which not a few of them still think ought to be part of the Confederation, and would have been so had the authorities in the East and Downing Street been as wide awake as the United States Government of 100 years ago. The great Mackenzie preceded Lewis and Clark by twelve years, and his journey across the continent was far more notable for many reasons. If the great fur-trader, the representative of the Northwest Company, had had the Government at his back, instead of his enterprise being merely a private one, his activities might have been extended southward and Oregon have become irredeemably Canadian; or had Simon Fraser

started a year earlier—but these are vain regrets. The mischief was done when in 1807 Fraser, at his far northern fort on Stuart Lake, heard that the Americans, under Captains Lewis and Clark, had reached from the south the mouth of the Columbia, and were rapidly annexing the country by virtue of the right of discovery. Though Fraser failed to reach the Coast before the two captains—in fact he never actually stood on the shores of the Pacific—he added a new province to the geographical conquests of the Northwest Company, and hence to Canada. Grand was the work of this son of a Scottish United Empire Loyalist, and pleasant is the task to trace—though scant the space—the rise of British Columbia in the hundred years since Simon Fraser made himself famous for all time.

Like a lone mountain in a vast expanse of prairie, each stepping-stone in British Columbia's progress during the past century stands out distinct, prominent, overbearing. The coming of the Hudson's Bay Company, the entry of the Church, the establishment of a colony on Vancouver Island, the Cariboo gold craze, the formation of the mainland into a colony, the joining of the two dependencies, Confederation, and the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway—these areas Rocky Mountain peaks overtopping the foothills of history in the hundred years since Fraser started on his tremendous journey.

#### THE GREAT MONOPOLY

Dealing with these in their order,



SIR JAMES DOUGLAS

Second Governor of Vancouver Island and First Governor of British Columbia





SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE



DANIEL W. HARMON



SIR GEORGE SIMPSON

## THREE GREAT EXPLORERS

the first is the coming of the great monopoly in 1821. The Hudson's Bay Company having received into its capacious person the Northwest Company, became in the year mentioned the paramount power on the Pacific Coast. In New Caledonia it reaped where others had sown, but in the south it led the way, the pioneer of the white race. It has been villified, scourged with vitriolised pens, charged with every known sin that greedy commerce could commit in those early days, but the unbiased reader of history must agree with Bancroft when he says: "I can but regard the officers and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company upon the Pacific Coast, in points of integrity and humanity, as far above the average corporation monopolist." When one hears or reads attacks on the great Company of Adventurers there comes to mind the story told in rhyme by one of the few Canadian poets. Therein is related how a Hudson's Bay Company man, with his wife and chattels, started in a cart to go through a region inhabited by Indians who had been converted into hostiles because of wrong action by Americans, and who had sworn to kill all whites in revenge for harsh treatment by the "Boston" traders. The company man placed on his cart the flag of the monopoly—the Union Jack with the letters H. B. C. upon it, and when the Americans urged him not to go to certain

death he laughed them aside. He got into the midst of the angry reds, but—

"When they saw that little flag  
A sticken' on that cart,  
They jest said, 'Hudson Bay,  
Go on good trader with good heart.'"

While the Northwest Company may claim to have laid the foundations of the Province, its successor nobly carried on the work of rearing the structure which now adorns Canada's Pacific Coast. It planted one corner of its Empire building in the south beside the Columbia River, and if it had been adequately supported by the British Government, the Union Jack would fly to-day over Oregon and Washington. When driven from the Columbia by what was allowed to be the peaceful invasions of Americans, it built as strongly at Camosun, as Victoria was first called, and brought the outlying country so firmly to Britain that when the cry "Fifty-four forty or fight," was raised on Puget Sound, the Government at Washington realised that neither fifty-four forty nor fight would do. And so parallel 48 marks the boundary line. The company established another corner at Port Simpson, on the far northern coast of the Province, towards which the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is building to-day, and to reach which it must pass over some of the ground trodden by the pioneer feet of Mackenzie and Fraser. It strength-

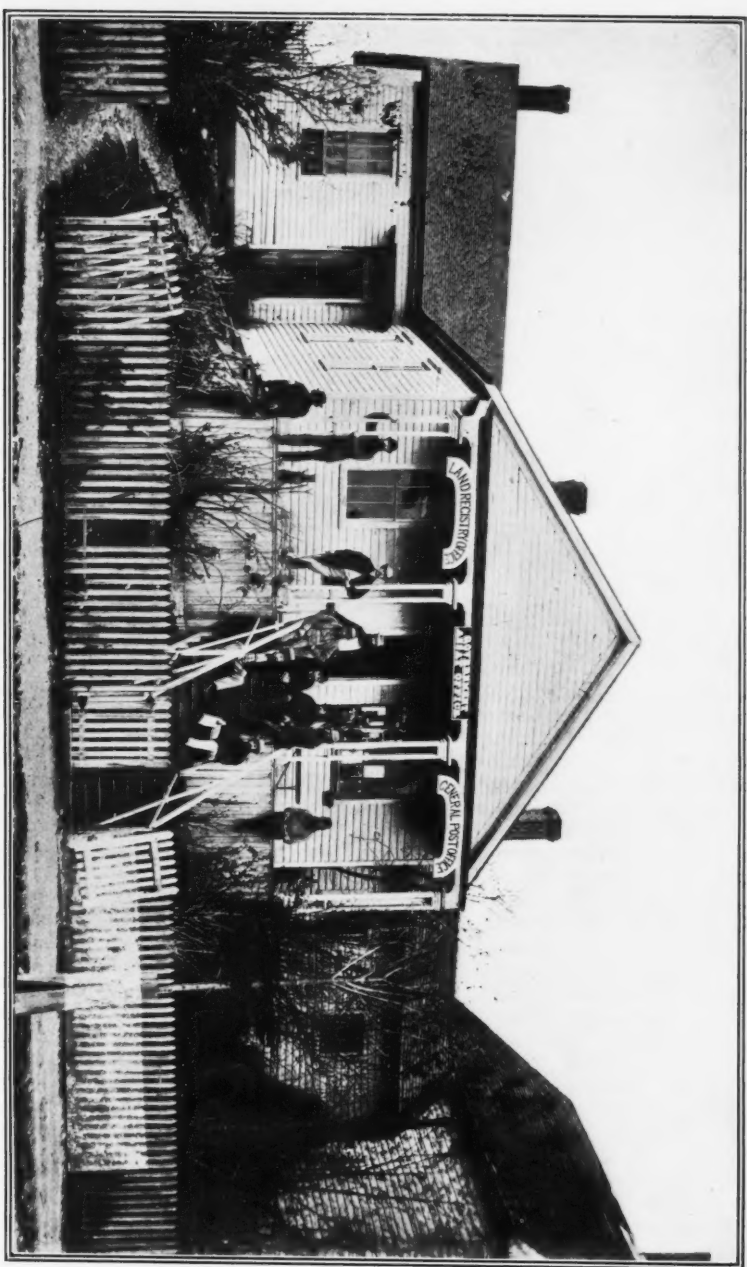
ened Forts McLeod, Stuart and other trading posts which had come to it from the Northwest Company, while the other limb of this Colossus of the North was in the extreme south-east of British Columbia, where Montana and Idaho abut on it. Chains of forts dotted the country between these firmly-planted corners. Over the whole Coast was the spirit of the Hudson's Bay Company, the autocrat of an empire, a soulless corporation, worshipping fur as a god, commercial to the backbone, but, as compared with monopolies of to-day, benignant, humane, just and considerate.

It is written that all monopolies must perish. The Hudson's Bay Company taught British Columbia to walk. Then, in the first flush of its early manhood, came the Church, the first important invader—if such it may be called—of the company's preserve. There followed the discovery of gold in the Fraser River, and next in Cariboo, and British Columbia turned from the company and from the Church to worship at the shrine of riches. The date of the arrival of the first missionary in British Columbia has been variously stated, but it is likely that Father Morice is right when he puts it at 1842. A divergence of opinion also has been expressed as to the year when gold was found in any considerable quantity; however, 1858 is the first celebrated one in this regard. Between 1842 and 1858, viz., in 1849, Vancouver Island was converted into a Crown colony, but it remained practically Hudson's Bay land, while the mainland was incontestably a kingdom of the company. However, when the gold strike was made and thousands of strangers stampeded to British Columbia who would not brook monopoly rule, Church and State ranged themselves on the side of the people and the autocracy was doomed. For over twenty years it had reigned supreme; from 1821 to 1842 it was the sole lord; for the next sixteen years it battled to maintain that supremacy, but when in 1858 the gold-hungry hordes were let loose on the country, the hand of fur was forced to relax, and the Company of Adventurers saw that soon it would be obliged to restore the sceptre of sover-

eignty to the successors of the royal Charles, who had granted the original charter to the dashing Prince Rupert and his merry companions. It yielded gracefully as befitted one of so great name.

#### THE MARCH OF THE CROSS

Always among the intrepid, eager advancing pioneers of the West to-day is found a representative of the church. One denomination or the other is in every new field. Long before the days when steam invaded the mountains, representatives of the Roman Catholic, Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian sects had their men in the mining camps and Indian villages. The Roman Catholics led the way, as far as the church is concerned, in British Columbia. As in Eastern Canada, so in the Pacific Province, the first to woo the Indians from the worship of false gods were those who owed allegiance to the Holy Father at Rome. The leader in the march of the Cross, the first notable missionary to penetrate the interior from the Coast, was he who afterwards became Bishop Demers. When that devout and kindly man passed away in 1871, regretted by Protestants and Catholics alike, a link with the romantic past was severed. To the present generation Demers is little more than a name; but half a century ago no man was more welcome on the Coast, whether it be in the Chief Factor's house, the long room at a fort, a miner's tiny cabin, or an Indian wigwam. He and those who worked with him set the Light of the World upon the summits of the West. Speaking of the noble work of Demers and those who followed in his footsteps, the late Malcolm McLeod, a Hudson's Bay man from birth to the grave, said: "I am a Protestant, as my father was, but we can bear no other testimony on this point—the priest and the trader have, in this case, gone hand in hand, and commerce has in truth, in this instance, been handmaid to religion." In the middle forties, Demers journeyed far into British Columbia wilds; in 1847 he was consecrated Bishop of the newly-created Diocese of Vancouver Island. When the rush to Cariboo took place the other Churches had their representatives



THESE FIRST GOVERNMENT OFFICES, ESTABLISHED ON THE MAINLAND OF BRITISH COLUMBIA WERE AT NEW WESTMINSTER,  
THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

in the wild camps—earnest, zealous workers, who underwent considerable hardship and preached to the gamblers in dens of vice, because the card-players would not go to them.

#### A STARTLING OFFER

It is always an important event in the life of the individual or colony when the first stirrings toward self-government are felt. In some cases parents supply the initial promptings with the idea that an appearance of standing alone may be given to the youngster who is really made all the more dependent. Thus it was with British Columbia in 1849. The Hudson's Bay Company, driven from Oregon by "American marauders"—to use a phrase coined by a United States writer—saw that the legislators in England were casting an eye toward this very far away, very wild and very little Britain, little, that is to say as far as population went. The directors therefore laid plans to secure their power while seemingly allowing the growing Coast to stand upon its own feet. It is a curious coincidence that the man in charge at Downing Street of things colonial in those days was Earl Grey, an ancestor of the present Governor-General of Canada. While satisfied with obtaining practical sovereignty of British Columbia, for a time, the company, in its negotiations with Lord Grey, aimed far higher. It intimated that it was "willing to undertake the government and colonisation of all the territories belonging to the Crown in North America, and received a grant accordingly." So startling a proposal naturally staggered Downing Street, even in the days when it was customary to speak of "those wretched colonies," and the Crown promptly suspended negotiations. After an interval the company returned to the attack with the more modest statement that it "was willing to accept that part of the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, or even Vancouver Island alone," although it remarked that "placing the whole territory north of the 49th parallel under one governing power would have simplified arrangements." Despite the opposition of Gladstone and the leading London newspapers, the Hudson's Bay

Company was made lord and proprietor of Vancouver Island, subject only to the domination of the British Crown, and to the yearly payment of seven shillings as rent. The charter, which was dated Jan. 13, 1849, stipulated that the appointment of Governor was vested in the Crown. It also said that the lease of the island was "forever," but events proved that Mr. Gladstone and others had much reason for their opposition, and the "forever" became nine years only. The great year of gold, 1858, really saw the last of the great monopoly as such. It may be mentioned that almost immediately after the grant was made the Crown repented it, and Lord Elgin, Governor-General, reported disparagingly of the company as a ruler in the Red River district; but its course on the Coast was an improvement, being spoken of as without flagrant offence or outrageous wrong, and even marked by much kindness and humanity, which is no mean praise for a monopoly.

#### THE FIRST COUNCIL

Naturally enough, it was the idea of the Hudson's Bay Company to have Chief Factor Douglas appointed as first Governor of Vancouver Island, but Earl Grey had his eyes open, and he appointed Richard Blanshard. Yet Douglas was the real power. He was for years head and shoulders above the rest of the men on the Coast, particularly in the days when Vancouver Island was a colony, yet not a colony. Blanshard endured months of discomfort while the company manoeuvred for its man. In November, 1850, the nominal Governor wrote to Earl Grey tendering his resignation, which was accepted in the following year. Before leaving for England, however, Blanshard nominated the first provisional council that ever met on the Coast. It consisted of James Douglas, James Cooper and John Tod, who were giants in those days. In September, 1851, Douglas was made Governor, and thus were united in one person the authority and interests of the company and those of the colonial government. For over a decade Douglas filled the two positions of Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and Governor of Vancouver Island. He convoked



NEW WESTMINSTER IS NOT NOW THE SEAT OF PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT BUT IS NEVERTHELESS A PROMISING CITY. THE CIVIC AND DOMINION GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS ARE SHOWN HERE

the first assembly in 1856, when seven "fit and discreet persons" were chosen to the first parliament of the West.

With the discovery of gold in 1858, the mainland began to usurp the prominent place the island had held, and the British Government decided to form it into a colony under the name of British Columbia. The governorship was offered to Douglas, providing he left the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, which he agreed to do. The monopoly's license of exclusive trade was revoked, and the Crown purchased the company's rights on the island for £57,500. New Westminster was established on the Fraser River, and became the capital of British Columbia. A legislative council was organized in 1863. The merging of the two colonies was seen to be but a matter of a short time, and in 1866 was accomplished. The colony of Vancouver Island ceased to exist, but its chief town,

Victoria, became the capital of the united British Columbia.

While British Columbia was making the first steps in self-government, the older East, beyond the Rockies and the great plains, were talking Confederation. John A. Macdonald, George Brown, Charles Tupper, Leonard Tilley, Alexander Galt, and the other "Fathers," were first leading towards, and then arranging, the terms of union which were finally agreed to at the conference that took place in the Westminster Palace Hotel, London, in 1866, and which were embodied in the Imperial Act, which came into effect on July 1, 1867. After the passage of this act none were more eager to be admitted into Confederation than the people of British Columbia, but it was not until 1871 that this was accomplished. A few years later the Province came dangerously near seceding from the union. Before touching on this subject,



however, one must hark back to the days of '58 and note the effect of the discovery of gold in the Fraser River and in Cariboo.

#### THE GREAT GOLD STAMPEDE

"High above all principalities and powers, above religious fanaticism, or love of Empire, above patriotism, philanthropy, family affection, honour, virtue, or things supernal or infernal," to quote the rhetorical Bancroft, there arose in this Northwest wilderness an influence which overshadows every other, which shrivels into insignificance fur companies, settlement, skins of wild beasts or lives of wild men, missionaries, governments, parliaments, houses of assembly, and even rum. An Indian took a drink out of the Thompson River, near its junction with the Fraser; having no vessel, he quaffed from the stream; he perceived a shining pebble, which he picked up, and it proved to be gold. The news went from mouth to mouth, and spread rapidly south through Oregon and California, to far-off Canada, and even to England and Australia. It is noised abroad that gold abounds in British Columbia. "And so the settlers on Vancouver Island, on the Cowlitz, and on the Columbia, leave their farms; then the servants of the monopoly fling off their allegiance; the sawmills round Puget Sound are soon idle, and finally, wave after wave of eager adventurers roll in from the south and east, from Oregon and from California, from the Islands and Australia, from Canada and Europe, until the third great devil's dance of the nations within the decade begins upon the Fraser." None were too poor, and none too rich to join in the rush; some out of restlessness or curiosity, others for profit or prey. Only by the rush to the Klondike has the sudden and vast migration of 1858 been equalled. Of course, among those who flocked to the Province were rough-and-tumble rascals, loafers, gamblers, a pestiferous crew. Despite the stern authority of British law, as exemplified by Chief Justice Begbie, murders, sandbagging, Indian wars and the usual atrocities accompanying a rush to the West were perpetrated. Fortunately there were British Royal Engineers, sailors and

marines to reinforce the officials appointed by Governor Douglas, and Begbie rendered justice with an intensity and directness that the wild, rough and cunning men soon learned that crime would meet its just deserts. The Chief Justice has been described as almost as good as a vigilance committee, sometimes quite as good, oft-times even better. His presence permeated the remotest parts of the country like that of no other man. When once it was understood by savage and civilised alike that justice in his hands was swift, sure and inflexible, the battle for right was won. No one cared to kill, being sure he would hang for it. There is room for but one characteristic story of Begbie. A gambler named Gilchrist, who had killed two men in California, shot another in Cariboo. He was tried before Begbie. The jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter. Turning to the prisoner, the judge said:

"It is not a pleasant duty for me to have to sentence you only to prison for life. Your crime was unmitigated murder. You deserve to be hanged. Had the jury performed their duty I might now have the painful satisfaction of condemning you to death. And you, gentlemen of the jury, permit me to say that it would give me great pleasure to see you hanged, each and every one of you, for bringing in a murderer guilty only of manslaughter."

There were other righteous judges in the land, and the people soon came to prefer justice to license.

The Fraser River excitement was followed in 1860 and succeeding years by the discovery of rich placers in the Cariboo district, and the output of gold is estimated at \$50,000,000. From this time practically dates the opening up and settlement of British Columbia. The immediate effect of the gold excitement was to lay the foundations for the Canadian Pacific and Northern Pacific railways as commercial enterprises. Permanent developments of many kinds followed in the wake of the crowd of adventurers. Of course, there came the inevitable reaction, but the gold had been British Columbia's great opportunity; it took





VANCOUVER, FOUR MONTHS AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886

occasion by the hand, and since 1858 has never looked back.

#### DANGEROUSLY NEAR SECESSION

Rich as the Province is in its natural resources—in its mines, its forests and its fisheries—it has always stood up for its just rights from the Dominion of Canada. Its cry these days is, "Better Terms"; shortly after Confederation it was "Broken Terms." The main condition under

which the Province became one with the rest of Canada, was that an inter-oceanic railway be constructed by the Dominion. The Pacific Scandal, the fall of the Macdonald Ministry, and the dilly-dallying of the Mackenzie Cabinet caused so great delay in starting the road that the British Columbia Government carried to "the foot of the throne" complaints of the breach in the terms of union. The Earl of Carnarvon was appointed arbitrator in



VANCOUVER AS IT IS TO-DAY

The tallest and most distant building is the C.P.R. Station. Across the Bay is the Indian Mission

1874. The Earl's decision was accepted by both sides, but the Dominion violated the terms, and separation was for a time openly threatened. Lord Dufferin, Governor-General, visited the Coast in 1876 in an endeavour to appease the people. "I am not here to defend Mr. Mackenzie," said the Earl, in a speech at Victoria, but he contrived to give the impression that he was, and his visit failed, though it somewhat allayed the popular discontent. Not unnaturally, the Americans on the Coast became active and took advantage of the situation to covertly work for annexation. What might have happened it is difficult to tell, but, opportunely enough, the Mackenzie Government fell at Ottawa, and the resumption of power by Sir John Macdonald cleared the air. In 1879 Sir John's administration ordered a start to be made on the railway from Yale to Kamloops, which was the first section of the Pacific Railway to be constructed. Then the syndicate took hold of the enterprise and completed the line in 1885, or five years before the date required under the Carnarvon terms. The ghost of annexation was laid and British Columbia was indissolubly a part of the Dominion.

#### HALF-WAY HOUSE OF EMPIRE

To-day, the Province is the half-way house on the all-red route of the British Empire. From Vancouver, its chief city, travel radiates in all directions. The growth of the Terminal City, as Vancouver is called, proves the wisdom of the men who stood out for the Carnarvon terms. As Halifax is nearer by some hundred miles to the great commercial ports of Europe than is New York, so is Vancouver closer to the big seaports of Western Asia than is San Francisco. To it, over the Canadian Pacific Railway, must come much of the rich traffic from Europe to the Far East and Australia, while at the same time the trade of Canada herself, through the port, to the Orient and the Antipodes, grows greater every year.

British Columbia is yet in its infancy, but its future cannot be otherwise but brilliant. A man is always prone to sound the praises of the land he lives in. But, as far as British Columbia is concerned, the foreigner has done that as well as any

native son could possibly perform the action. One cannot do better than conclude this article with the tribute of the historian Bancroft, already referred to. He wrote:

"The youngest offspring of the Mother of Nations, this Province contains a population whose members regard their adopted country, not merely as a place to grasp at wealth, but as one in which they are content to live, in which they are proud to live. And in their adopted country the impartial observer must find much that is worthy of admiration. . . . With a shore line of more than 7,000 miles, containing many harbours and navigable inlets, with its magnificent fauna and flora, its wealth of minerals and fisheries, its growing commerce, its commercial position, and its facilities for communication and manufacture, it is not improbable that even within the lifetime of the present generation, British Columbia may rank among the foremost provinces of the Dominion. Meanwhile it can claim, at least, the distinction of being one of the most progressive regions of British North America, and though but a few years ago considered almost as a cipher when compared with other provinces, may prove to be a cipher which contributes untold value to all the rest. As in other parts of the Pacific Coast, and as in Australia, the resources of British Columbia would not have been even partially developed but for the discovery of gold; though here, as elsewhere, of the thousands lured by expectation of sudden riches, a few acquired a fortune and a considerable number realised modest gains, the majority not only became bankrupt in pocket, but, suffering hunger and privation, had cause to rue their folly in forsaking more substantial gains, and awoke from their visions of phantom wealth to the stern realities of their condition, as outcasts from a dream of paradise. To such daring, open-handed, and often noble-hearted men, countries which have since attained to prominence are indebted, not only for their origin, but for their progress, and on the forgotten graves of these reckless adventurers, abandoned in life to the bitterness of despair and degradation, will rest the pillars of mighty states and empires."



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROYAL CITY OF MANDALAY  
The four walls are each a mile and a quarter long. Outside is a broad moat.

## The Last Royal Funeral at Mandalay

By HELEN BERNARD



F the many beautiful cities of the far East, there is not one more complete in its loveliness, or richer in recent historical associations, than Mandalay. The fort lies enclosed in four massive walls, each a mile and a quarter in length, forming a square, from the centre of which rises the Royal Palace. Outside these walls is a broad moat whose mirror-like expanse reflects every changing tint of the sky. It was amid these surroundings, some years ago, that we witnessed the obsequies of Queen Shimbumashin. It is a nearly unknown name now, and yet only twenty-five years ago in Mandalay this woman ruled from behind the throne of King Theebaw with almost as absolute an authority as his own. She died in Rangoon, far from the scene of her former power and splendour, and it was only at the earnest request of her adopted son, the Nyoungwe Sawba, that the local government permitted her body to be brought to Mandalay, and

consented to its interment in the Fort, near that of her illustrious consort, the great King Mindohn.

On the South Moat Road is a mean little row of tumble-down mat houses, behind which is a large clear space. The day before the funeral this space was densely crowded with Burmans, Shans, police, babies of all sizes and ages, stray dogs, poultry, and even a few pigs. The murmuring voices of the crowd in various dialects conveyed an idea of eagerness and curiosity, but none of solemnity. Yet this was the scene of the lying-in-state of the royal dead, Shimbumashin, the daughter of a king, the wife of a king, and the mother of Queen Soopayalat, now exiled in Ratnaghari.

We made our way towards a huge square erection of white muslin stretched over slender, pliant, gilded bamboos, which formed a roof and half walls for the royal coffin. The latter was an oblong box of exquisitely carved sandalwood, almost concealed by a pall of rich



THE ROYAL PALACE OF MANDALAY  
The "Centre of the Universe"

crimson velvet and glittering crowns, forming a vivid contrast to the surroundings of snowy white, which is the Burmese colour of mourning.

It needs the death of some very great personage to induce the Burmese woman to discard her gay garb of rainbow-tinted silks, and this was such an occasion. Round the coffin they knelt in an ever-widening circle, each bent head crowned with thick coils of dark hair, each lithe figure modestly robed from head to heels in spotless array, forming a striking study in black and white which made the coloured coffin look pathetic in its tinsel gaudiness. For a fortnight had this silent homage continued, the crowd never thinning, the dead never left lonely, and yet the feelings of the watchers must have been curiously mixed, for the dead woman was credited with many atrocities and deeds of savage barbarity. Many think it is through her evil counsels to her daughter, Soopayalat, that the latter lost her kingdom and pines in exile, while the English over-run their beautiful palace and the vandalism of Tommy Atkins is

gradually defacing the many monuments that still stand in silent testimony to the great past of Royal Mandalay. And yet there are ex-ministers of the late king and Burmese officials of high rank who must have felt a thrill of pride and gladness that the oldest surviving representative of their royal race should be buried in the heart of the now Anglicised fort, with a salute of guns and all honours at her grave, though at the time Government officials were very divided as to the wisdom of such policy.

The actual scene of interment lies to the east of the palace, at the foot of King Mindohn's tomb, and there we saw many erections and stands, all of whitened bamboos, with awnings of snowy muslin. We made our way to the one reserved for European officials and were received by that dignified Burman, the Honourable the Rinwoon Myngwi, C.S.I. Here we found the most thoughtful arrangements for our comfort—chairs, fans, interpreters, and even cooling drinks and ices. Each fresh arrival was presented with a white cotton handkerchief of laughable size and

thickness, accompanied by a tiny bottle of scent, bearing the inevitable label "made in Germany," and also marked "quintessence," so we did not think it advisable to sample the contents. We were rather puzzled, too, as to what use it would be permissible to put the handkerchiefs. They might have been meant to dry our tears of sorrow, but as the only tears we shed were those wrung from us by the excessive heat, we adopted them as mopping cloths, for which their vast dimensions rendered them singularly suitable.

The gaily coloured crowd that lined the route of the funeral procession, beneath the shade of magnificent tamarind, gold mohur and peepul trees, were gathered in picturesque groups to laugh, chatter and partake of indescribable looking refreshments. Conspicuous among the latter were large slices of the Dorian fruit, which is most refreshing to the palate, though quite the reverse to the nostrils.

A sudden sound of music, weird and distant, struck the still, hot air, and the crowd swayed forward eagerly as the head of the funeral cortege appeared round the palace. First came twelve pyramids of offerings to the poongyees (Buddhist priests) borne aloft on stretchers. These were of very diverse kinds. Each pyramid boasted a highly-coloured mat, which hailed unmistakably from Birmingham or Manchester. There were also Turkish towels, robes in the various rich tones of gold that none but the priests are allowed to wear, boxes of exquisitely polished teakwood, red lacquered begging bowls, umbrellas of deepest amber-tinted oilskin, bottles of European scent, and more incongruous than all—a bottle of beer bearing the label of the local brewery! Next came the poongyees themselves, with downcast eyes and rosary in hand, many



KING THEEBAW

Son-in-Law of the illustrious King Mindohn and Queen Shimbumashin

of them with curiously refined ascetic faces, which one could never possibly associate with beer bottles or similar atrocities of British manufacture. They were followed by what we would all take to be the royal coffin, were it not treated with scant respect, one might almost say with mirth, by the crowd. They had quickly realised that it was not the real thing, but only an empty husk to deceive the evil spirits, in case they might feel inclined to possess themselves of the royal remains. This superstition, though believed in by the crowd, is strenuously denied by educated Burmans, who explain that the coffins are only used to emphasise the contrast between an ordinary coffin and that which contained the body of a royalty. Next came the Celestial White Elephant, most revered and honoured of all beasts, for it was in his form that the





SUMMER HOUSE WHERE KING THEEBAW ABDICATED

last re-incarnation of Gautama appeared before being born a Buddha. In these degenerate days, alas, Celestial White Elephants are scarce even in the mighty forests of Pegu, so that the one that adorned this procession was but a hollow mockery of white calico, with trunk and ears painted the tenderest pink, and propelled by human legs of sinewy brown, loosely covered in white. Those legs appeared to be very much overcome with heat or fatigue, for they frequently collapsed on the route, and after a few minutes' rest zealous hands tenderly assisted them to a standing posture, in a manner much more suggestive of pantomime burlesque than of a royal and sacred funeral.

One marked peculiarity of the procession was that each item thereof took a rest when, where, and for how long it liked. As there ensued a lengthy pause now, we looked around and had the notabilities pointed out to us. In one small enclosure, railed in with trellis of white bamboo, sat a quiet crowd of women with grave faces, and many with thick silvery hair. These were all of royal

descent, connections of the dead woman or of the exiled king and queen. Similar enclosures contained the ministers and high officials of the past, all men of note who were much connected with the doing (or undoing) of the kingdom of Mandalay. Perhaps the most striking figure there was the ex-Admiral of the Burmese fleet, or the Kinwoon Myngyi, ex-Prime Minister to King Theebaw.

The calico beast of uncertain gait having disappeared through the trees, there came to view a throng of women, princesses all, with their jewels discarded, no coquetry of gay flowers adorning their dark hair, and all habited in mourning white. The attitude of the crowd grew more tense as in quick succession were borne past, a magnificent gilded pagoda in miniature, in which was enshrined a funeral urn, a golden bed for the repose of the queenly spirit, and all the insignia of her exalted rank. Her box of betelnut, her drinking cup, her water bottle, her fan—all thickly covered with gold-leaf—were deposited by the open grave, so that the great lady might have all the necessities of this life to assist her journey



into the unknown of the next. These were followed by a gilded ploughshare and many extraordinary farming implements which required explanation. This was a very ancient custom in memory of one of Pagahn's mightiest monarchs, who from a common labourer rose to a throne. With a fine pride in his humble origin, he issued a royal mandate that at his death the tools of his early youth should be borne with all pomp to his grave, and to that of every succeeding king and queen; and so it has been faithfully done for centuries past.

A curiously mixed cry went up from the crowd—whether of mourning or exultation it was impossible to say—as very slowly the coffin came in sight, with its glitter of scarlet and gold shielded by seven white umbrellas, and followed by a great throng of mourners. In the rear we saw a big yellow satin umbrella outlined with flaunting pink frills (only royalty may use this colour), and beneath it strides the Nyoungwe Sawba, chief mourner and adopted son of the dead queen, with attendants fanning him vigorously on either side.

The coffin by now was at the open grave, and a hush fell over the entire assembly as it was placed on a large velvet cloth and gently lowered to the earth. A libation was poured over it, rice was sprinkled around, the last prayers were said, and gradually the curious crowd dwindled away. In an hour all that was left of the quaint scene were a few priests droning their prayers, and a few mourning relatives, still watching, still waiting, though the burning sun was now high in the sky. With a strange lack of reverence, carpenters were already pulling down and carting away the several erections which had sheltered the various groups of sightseers, but when they had concluded their work of demolition there was a great silence, and strange thoughts



QUEEN SOOPAYALAT

Daughter of King Mindohn and Queen Shimbumashin

came as one gazed on the newly-turned earth.

Not much is known of the early days of Shimbumashin, but there are old Burmans who tell strange tales of the remarkable signs and omens that pointed to her having great authority and high rank in the future. An old Shan witch who knew the girl (then only a Launshe princess) predicted that she would wear a crown, and as though to verify her words a fierce wind sprang up and whirled off the silken scarf that covered the child's shoulders, and that scarf was afterwards found fast bound on the loftiest pinnacle of the palace. The little princess was always remarkable for the peculiarly wide dark circles that surrounded her brown eyes, which among Burmans is not only considered a great beauty, but also a sign of wonderful luck. Nothing, however, distinguished her life until the accession of King Mindohn in 1853, when the royal



KING MINDOHN'S TOMB

The Burial Place also of Queen Shimbumashin

favour signalled her out, and the little princess with the "mourning eyes" was made one of his four principal queens. Throughout this wise, just and prosperous reign, Shimbumashin was feared and obeyed, and though she was only one of his four principal queens, and though the king had many lesser wives, only the name of this one has come down in history, a woman with great force of character and exhaustless ambition. At the close of Mindohn's reign, Shimbumashin, having no son to inherit the crown, contrived to marry her daughter, Soopayalat, to the succeeding King Theebaw. Soopayalat was only a girl of nineteen when she ascended the throne, and throughout her brief reign with its tragic close, she was swayed by the unwise counsels of her mother, and her jealous, passionate love for Theebaw. It was Shimbumashin who was held greatly responsible for those terrible massacres in the palace of all

aspirants to the throne, which filled England with horror and brought about the intervention of our Government. There are Burmans living now who tell the exact number of victims by her own hand, and yet admit she was obliged to do it, or she would have been killed herself. She it was who flouted the remonstrances of England, and hotly urged war and death sooner than surrender to the insolent invaders. It little matters now how far her counsels prevailed, for the events that followed are of very recent history. All know of the advance of our troops from Rangoon, how point after point was steadily gained up the splendid reaches of the Irrawaddy River, how the decisive victory of Minhla was utterly discredited by the girl-queen and boy-king of Mandalay, until one day when there was no possibility of further doubt, the English troops had actually landed at the river shore, three miles distant, and the dismayed in-

habitants of the royal palace could hear the tramp of their steadily approaching feet. On they came, meeting with little or no resistance, over the massive bridge of the South Moat, up the broad street leading to the glittering spire which marked the royal palace or "Centre of the Universe," as the Burmans proudly called it, through the lovely gardens ornamented with many gleaming tanks of water, spanned by rustic bridges, and with quaint, pagoda-like summer house under the shade of far-reaching trees. In one of these sat King Theebaw, who without a struggle abdicated his kingdom to General Prendergast; while in a little room at the back of the palace lay Queen Soopayalat in an agony of grief, with her mother, Shimbumashin, fiercely exhorting her, even then, to conceal her jewels and fly; but it was too late. The following day Theebaw left Mandalay for his long exile. The queen-mother lived in Rangoon until her death.

# A Slip of the Noose\*

The Third of Four Western Stories

By HERMAN WHITAKER



T is well to be in-doors when the smothering blizzard cuts loose in the Northland, and turns five hundred thousand miles of prairie into a white and whirling hell; and so thought the Pelly trappers. They hunched up to the red stove in the big log store and listened to the voice of the storm. It was intensely cold. The spirit thermometer on the log verandah registered sixty-five below zero, every nail and scrap of door iron was embossed with glittering frost, and an inch of clouded ice covered the window-panes. Outside, the furious wind, veering from every point of the compass, now walled the fort with circling clouds of snow; then, changing tactics, blew steadily from one direction, threatening to bury it beneath monstrous drifts. Suddenly it dropped, and the falling snow settled in straight lines.

"Storm over?" A man glanced up.

"Bah!" A half-breed trapper, who had just come in, tugged at his frozen beard and shrugged his shoulders. "He just begin. Lis'en!"

Far off the sigh of the wind rose to a sob, a moan, a shriek; then, with a thunderous roar, the storm struck the building.

"So!" continued the breed, unwinding a long neck-scarf. "He ees the king blizzard. Soon we have spreeng, eh? This dam cloth! No loose yet." A solid inch of ice gripped scarf and beard.

"Guess you're right, Brousseaux," chipped in another man. "You made the fort just in the nick of time, old man. Here, stick that goatee o' yours on this." The breed thrust out his chin. Placing an axe head beneath the beard, the man gently crushed the ice with the poker.

"There," he said. "Talk less on the trail, Pete, an' you'll have less ice in your whiskers."

"Thanks! Yes, I will have your advice." He combed the beard with his fingers. "It ees a hard trail, the Pelly. An' in a blizzard! This ees better, eh?"

"Anythin' new on the plains?"

"Ah, now you spick, my friend. Ees ther' news? Of a sort, yes." He rubbed his hands as a cat paws herself, and his face darkened.

"Good?"

"Who knows? I have listen to the cry of a man-child born to the great prairie. That ees good! Men are few, comrades die. The child mus' bear hees mother's name—this ees bad! It was best for boy to have father."

"What's this, Pete?" A big Englishman sitting next the breed laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"It ees you, Elliott? Yes, you shall hear, but first—more wood. The frost, he's in my bones." When quarter of a cord of dry poplar was roaring in the furnace, he hitched closer and spread his palms to the heat. "Yes," he continued, "it was bad, ver' bad, for May Dupré that her father die—"

"What? Louis Dupré?"

Brousseaux nodded. "Oui! Louis have kill hees las' moose an' trap hees las' mink, an' so much the worse for hees daughtaire."

"A good man gone to glory!" "Best shot on the plains!" "Guided the Red River Expedition under Wolseley in the seventies!" came from around the circle. The breed waited for the last tribute of respect.

"An' so much," he repeated, "the worse for hees daughtaire. You see"—reaching for the Englishman's pipe—"las' spreeng Dupré an' Glen Cameron hunt north of Lak' Winnipegosis. They build cabin at Big Moose Lak', an' May cook hees grub. Las' June Dupré fall seeck, ver' seeck. Soon he die. They bury heem. Then—ah, well"—with an

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expressive shrug—"what would you? The girl was pretty, the man han'some an' strong. They hunt till first snows. Then Glen bring the girl to Ellice while he go to Winnipeg. Before he return—the child ees born."

He stopped. The men leaned to the stove, silently smoking, listening to the storm, brooding over his words. They were a hard-bit lot, swept from the four corners of the earth and dumped in this little corner of the frozen north; yet each had his code of honour, his notions of morality, and a strong sense of justice. Their own forest loves they conducted very much after the fashion of Father Adam; but this was a woman of their blood, subject to a different law. Had she male kin, they would have noted the incident with mild interest, expecting a red atonement; but she was an orphan.

From the law she could get no redress. True, by hard stretching, its long arm just reached the fifty-third parallel, but its clutch was, at best, spasmodic and uncertain. And she had grown to womanhood beneath their eyes; was one of them, a member of that community which counted its neighbours from Winnipeg to Fort McCloud, from Pembina to the Arctic. Her wrong was theirs—theirs its righting.

"Won't he marry her?" asked Elliott.

Brousseau shook his head. "No, my friend," he answered slowly. "Was there ever before so much of a fool? A girl, pretty; a man-child, strong and fat; an' marry? No! An' all because of the hot word of a fool priest. But"—shaking his head—"he was ever stiff in hees neck, this Glen Cameron. Strong as a buffalo, straight as a young poplar, mark you, with a tongue of fire an' a devil temper. An ill man to meddle with. Ma foi! Yes."

"I know the breed," mused Elliott. "Aberdeen granite foundation, dash of French pepper, and *blood* enough to make em sullen. But what's this about the parson, Pete?"

"The priest? You know heem, Père Francis—Ellice Mission."

"Fussy little fool!"

"As you say! Well, he spick beeg word, ver' beeg, to this thick in hees head Scotchman. It is well to spick, yes, but

softly, so hees word tickle hees ears, but 'Scoundrel! Marry, or I curse!' " Brousseau lifted his eyebrows. "This to a man? It ees bad. But for the priest Glen marry the girl."

"A praste, a woman, to raise the devil," growled Irish Dan, "an' it's meself knows the combination. Whin Father O'Toole put the ban on Biddy—"

"Dry up, Dan!" "Save your wind!" "We know what happened the father!" shouted the men. "Ought to," added Elliott; "he's told us forty times."

"Begor," grumbled the Irishman, "wudn't yez let a man tell his little story, ye hathen thaves? Fire up, Recarde, it's gettin' colder. It's roastin' I am in front an' freezin' behint, be the same token."

He turned his back to the stove and watched the powdery snow sifting through the key-hole. It stretched from the door to his feet, forming a miniature mountain range across the floor. Brousseau leaned, catlike, over the stove, heating the marrow in his bones for the next day's trail—he was due at Fort à la Corne, one hundred miles away, in two days' time. Outside, the snow hissed along ahead of the nor'wester; the building shook beneath the blows of the storm; the wind sobbed and wailed in the chimney; the windows rattled in the casements. The men smoked quietly. Some were travelling frozen trails with the dead trapper, others were thinking of his daughter. The iron clang of the stove door broke the silence. The Irishman was stoking up.

"Where's Glen now?" a man asked.

"Winnipeg. Come back in the spreeng."

"An' May?"

"With Stewart, Factor of Ellice."

"She's in good hands," said Elliott. He glanced interrogatively round the circle. "Well, boys?"

A man rose and knocked the ashes from his pipe—a tall Canadian, a son of Anak, standing six foot six in his moccasins, straight as a pine, with a splendidly formed body. He yawned. As he stretched, his knotted hands touched the spruce rafters, and his body loomed up like a stocky oak.

"Boys," he growled, "we're a-goin' to

play a han' in this game. I reckon May Dupré don't lie in the mud while there's man or gun in Pelly."

"Now you spick, Bill Angus," muttered Brousseaux.

The south wind was eating the snow, and water, strangely unfamiliar, covered the slough ice before Glen Cameron returned from Winnipeg. Above him travelled the big mallard and the wild goose, heralds of coming spring. Along the great valley of the Assiniboine the forest awoke from its long sleep, and gave vent to arboreal yawns, sighs and soughings; the music of running waters delighted ears turned to the stern hiss of drifting snow, and the doors of Ellice flung wide to admit the warm sunshine of the first spring days.

Glen had settled in his cabin on the tableland above the Fort a couple of weeks before the news travelled to Pelly. He lived alone. His father, the old Factor of Devil's Drum, had, when Glen's head topped his boot, mixed things badly with a bull moose, and the mould of eighteen summers covered his forest grave. His mother lived in Winnipeg on a pension allowed her by the Company. Through her he inherited a strain of French-Cree blood, slight, but sufficient to speck his blue eyes with spots of darkest brown and to touch his temper with sullenness. This lick of the blood was favoured by birth and raising. He got his first notions of life along with his first nourishment from a Cree foster-mother, and this strange conjunction of blood and breeding produced the stiffest man north of fifty-three.

Three weeks passed without his going near Ellice. Ostensibly, he was preparing for a hunting to the north, yet constantly upon some pretext he deferred his departure. The real reason he never acknowledged until one Saturday, Pete Brousseaux, carrying the northern mail, dropped in, and along with his letters gave him the news.

"As you say, ver' fine weather, bon! Ma foi! Yes! An' you will be goin' to the christening to-morrow, eh?"

After Pete had gone, wondering at the look in Glen's face, he paced back and

forth like a caged beast. The sun went down on his walking, and the grey lights of dawn found him walking. When the morning brightened a little he banged the cabin door and strode off in the direction of the Fort.

Very shortly the winding trail brought him to the valley. Eight hundred feet below the swift Assiniboine writhed in giant convolutions along the level bottoms. On the eastern horizon the rising sun, a molten disc, gleamed through a cloud-glory of ruby and gold. Gray shadows shrouded the river, and towards these, down the steep headlands, crept the rosy flush of the morning. Glen stopped and gazed at the vermilion splendours of cloud and sky. Then, from his right, the mission bells of Ellice pealed forth the matin chime. Clear, silvery, resonant, the wave of sound flooded the valley to the distant hills, echoed in the black ravines, and filled the air with rippling music.

The man's face took on a softer look. Those bells had tolled the knell of his father, and they called back vivid memories of childhood days. He bowed his head until the last vibrant echo died in the black ravines; then the sun rose high above the horizon, and things took on their workaday aspect. The mood passed. He walked on to the mission chapel, where, leaving the trail, he crept into a poplar bluff and lay down in the grass.

Little by little the Fort quickened into life. Smoke rose from the Factor's chimney, and then tinkling bells told of cows wandering to pasture in the bottoms. Gray squirrels popped from holes, examined the trespasser, and skipped off about the serious business of life. Cheeky gophers decided their matrimonial squabbles beneath his nose, but he saw them not, as he lay quietly watching the smoke.

A couple of hours passed before an old trapper hobbled over to prepare the chapel for service. Glen could hear him moving inside, opening windows, sweeping, and dusting the altar. He finished. There was quiet; then, suddenly, the mass bell swung above his head, and its solemn chime echoed through the valley.

And now across the prairie sounded the creak of huge-wheeled Red River



carts—Father Francis's Indian converts coming from the reservation. They groaned up to the chapel door and discharged their loads of broad-faced, chattering squaws. After them a dozen silent Indians filed into the mission. A few scattering settlers came afoot, on horse, or driving buckboards. The Hudson Bay men lounged over from the fort, but before they could enter the building a half-score mounted men swept round a poplar bluff—the Pelly trappers come to lend a hand in christening Dupré's grandchild. Then, black-cassocked, portly, with mass-book under arm, Father Francis stepped from his house and strode across the yard.

At last the Factor's door opened. Two women came out and moved towards the chapel. Glen got to his knees and stared. She was looking well! Her face was beautiful as ever, and maternity had given a needed roundness to her figure. He noted the tender droop of the lip as she bent over the child. Yes, she certainly looked well and—a jealous pang nipped him hard—happy! This was not what he expected, and he tried to tell himself that he was glad, but—what a fool he had been! She whom he had left clothed in the ugliness of form which precedes the birth of life, had blossomed as the butterfly from the chrysalis. She entered the church, and the priest began to intone the mass.

"In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti!"

"Amen!" answered the quavering voice of the clerk.

How familiar, but—how long! It seemed to the impatient man that the interminable responses would never have done. At the "mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa," he unconsciously beat his breast. At last the priest's voice hushed. There came an expectant rustle, and through the open window there travelled the wail of an infant. Glen started and half rose, but the voice of Father Francis sent him back.

"And now we will proceed with the holy service of baptism, a sacrament ordained of God, and consecrated by the usage of Peter and Paul, His holy apostles."

Once more the rustle, mixed with mur-

muring voices and shuffling feet. The child wailed again, thrilling the man with strange emotion. He heard the mother hushing it. His straining ear caught the swish of her skirts as she rocked to and fro; then silence.

"The name of the father of this child?"

Dead silence. Glen sprang to his feet and made for the chapel door. He was on fire. He could see, in imagination, the girl meekly standing before the accusing priest. Half-way he stopped. The Factor was speaking.

"Till some guid mon shares his name wi' this puir misdealt lassie, I'll be father till the laddie. He tak's my name."

"Who stands sponsor for this child?"

"We do!" Like the growl of distant thunder the response rolled from the throats of the Pelly trappers.

"And dost thou, William Stewart, renounce Satan, his pomp and works?"

"I do!" the sponsors answered.

"Dost thou believe in 'God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth?"

"I do believe!"

"Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, Who was born into this world and suffered for us?"

"I do believe!"

"Then in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I baptise thee, William Stewart. May our blessed Lady make intercession at the throne of the Most High, that the stain of wedless birth be not cast against thee!"

"Amen!"

Strong and fervent, mixed with the gutturals of the Indians, the answer passed through the open windows and died far out on the prairie. An old Gregorian chant finished the service; then, laughing and exchanging greetings, the congregation tumbled out-of-doors—the good, the bad and the indifferent rubbing elbows, and none to tell the difference.

For a while the young mother stood in a ring of squaws, watching her baby passing from breast to breast. The red women clucked their wonderment at the exceeding whiteness of his skin. After dowering him with small moccasins worked curiously in beads, they mounted the crazy carts and drove off across the prairie. Then the Factor took the baby and



presented him to his numerous fathers in God, and the men of Pelly manoeuvred him as though he were a jewel of great price, liable to break in the handling. The stout arms of Bill Angus trembled beneath the load, and he sweated profusely till relieved of the burden. They all agreed there never was such a baby.

Then came the birth offering. Long knives, damascened in silver or gold; rifles that—in the hands of a northman—never missed; belts, pouches, and other gear of war and the chase, were laid at the baby's feet. Bill Angus presented him with the deed of a square mile of land, and Recarde with a stack of beaver, to be trapped the coming summer; but Pete Brousseau, the cunning, broke all their hearts. With a shy grin he brought forth a resplendent rattle, wondrously tipped with rubber, and especially warranted to be efficacious in teething.

When the giving was over, the Pelly men hobbled their horses and strolled off to the Fort along with their Ellice comrades. Ten minutes afterwards the head of the last settler bobbed out of sight behind the long roll of the prairie, and Glen was alone. He waited until the Factor's door closed on woman and child, then took the road home.

Just before the trail swung from the valley a cloud hid the sun. Instantly the smiling peace vanished, and the landscape clothed itself in naked savagery. From the black of the tree-lined ravines the bald headlands stood forth like the breasts of a proud woman. A chilly wind came out of the west and moaned in the sombre spruce, while on the horizon smoky thunder-heads piled fleece on fleece. The change suited Glen's mood. He gazed his fill, then held on to his solitary cabin.

By sundown black clouds covered the sky, and the roll of distant thunder announced the coming storm. With night came the first rain—big drops, hitting the ground with a thud. Gray shapes turned and twisted between earth and sky; the lightning quivered all around. The air was sultry, and the windows of the Factor's house stood open.

May Dupré sat in her bedroom watching the approach of the storm. The baby

was sleeping quietly. She had laid off her dress for the night, and her neck and arms gleamed in the flashing lightning like polished marble. A gust of wind swept the rain into her room. She raised her hand to close the window, then paused, listening. The thud of horses! And from the Fort! Surely the Pelly men would never take the trail on such a night?

A splitting crash overhead started her back, but in the following flash she saw a score of horsemen. A man was coming towards the house. She heard his knock and whispering. A name rose to her window.

"Hush!" warned the Factor. "The lassie's windy's open."

She leaned forward, straining her ears to catch the whispers. Through the darkness she made out the figure of Bill Angus. In the dim light his long body took on an additional cubit, and his immense width, fading into the gloom, conveyed an impression of indefinite extension.

"I'll hae naught to do wi' it," finished the Factor aloud. "Gang yer ain gait, Bill Angus."

"Please yerself," answered the giant. "He swings."

The girl gasped, and staggered back to the bed. Hang, they said! No! No! It must not be! She had long ago forgiven. And—she still loved.

Her preparations were quickly made. Picking up the baby, she placed him to the breast and coaxed him to repletion. Then, with the little head bowed in slumber, she tucked him warmly in bed, threw a shawl over her shoulders, and crept softly downstairs.

The Factor had gone to bed; she could hear his heavy breathing. She opened the door carefully and slipped outside, but as she turned to close it the shawl swept away on the wind. She hesitated, then plunged on into the blackness. The rain splashed on her naked arms and breast, but she moved steadily forward, feeling the trail with her feet. A crash of thunder broke overhead. A brilliant flash lit the prairies for miles around, and showed the trail winding like a black serpent across the dun plain. The priest's

house, black-windowed and wetly glittering, flashed out as she passed by. She thought she saw a white face peering through the window. Another blaze of fire and the corral came into view, with old Spot, the bell cow, standing tail to wind, head over the fence.

A bolt flared from the sky and struck the ground at her feet. The air filled with sulphurous fumes, and she was momentarily blinded and half stunned by the concussion. A lull, almost a silence, followed, then the voices of the storm—the pattering rain, the moaning wind, the rustling trees, and the splashing water—resumed their interrupted song. When the flickering light again illumined the prairie, old Spot lay dead in the midst of a dozen of her progeny.

May moved on. For one brief second, deathlessly still to the eye, though trees, shrubs and grass were in violent motion, the great valley uncovered before her; then she turned the bend and headed for Glen Cameron's cabin.

The rain beat heavily on the sod roof of Glen's shanty, finding its way through in several places. On a rude bunk, fashioned from poplar poles, lay the owner, trying, in tobacco, to find surcease from mental pain. A brass lantern swung from the low roof above his head. Across the building ran a couple of heavy logs dividing house from stable, and behind them stood Glen's horse. The rain dripped into the stall, but the man had covered the beast with his own blanket; and now, as he smoked, he listened to the brute's contented munch and was grateful for the companionship.

Suddenly the beast stopped eating. Raising his head, he whinnied loudly. A faint answer rose above the roar of the storm. Glen sprang up and seized the lantern, but before he reached the door the latch clicked, and a score of men filed in and surrounded him. He glanced round the circle—Bill Angus, Brouleaux, Elliott, Recarde, Brousseau, and a dozen others. He knew them all and—their errand.

For almost a minute they stood quietly regarding him. At last he broke the silence.

"A bad night, gentlemen!"

"Ye'll fin' it so!" The answer came from behind, but when he turned it was to meet calm and impassive faces. He shrugged his shoulders.

"What can I do for you?"

"You know," said the same voice.

"Oh, I do?" His eyes glittered, his mouth drew hard, his grasp tightened on the lantern. He half swung it to strike, then smiled contemptuously and set it on the ground. "Well," he said, folding his arms, "make it so! Now, what are you going to do about it?"

"Look a' here, Glen." The big Canadian stepped to the front. "No *living* man"—with sinister accent on the word—"shall boast that he brought shame to Dupré's girl. Ye'll either—"

"I'll trouble you to mind your own business. And I might as well tell you I'm not interested in Sunday-schools."

"This *is* our business," returned the giant soberly, "es yer'll soon find out. Nor is this a prayer-meetin' crowd, es yer well know. Mebbe we ain't much to brag about in the highly moral line, but there's some things es is a leetle high for our stomachs. We're here to give yer a chance to do the right thing."

Glen made no answer. His eyes looked over their heads, a smile was on his lips, his face the very incarnation of obstinate resolve. Out of the corner of his mouth trickled a streak of blood where the strong tooth had bitten through the lip.

"This thick in hees head Scotchman," muttered Brousseau, beneath his breath. "Strong, straight, an' han'some"—he surveyed the figure with covert admiration—"a devil's temper, an ill man to meddle with—alone!"

"Ye kin take five minutes to consider the proprosition."

Dead silence fell in the hut. Even the horse ceased his stamping, and looked on with shining eyes. Outside, the thunder rolled and growled, fitful flashes lit the prairie to the sky-line, the rain beat against the window and swept in glittering lines through the open door. Five minutes passed away.

"Will yer marry the girl?"

"No!"

The men closed in.

Meanwhile, May Dupré splashed on through mud and mire. Never since the Red River flood had so much rain fallen in one night. The trails were running rivers, an inch of water covered the prairie, the lightning flashed back from the surface of an inland sea; yet, drenched, with hair flying loose around bare neck and arms, like some water-kelpie, she pressed forward. Occasionally she stopped to listen, always with the feeling that some one was following. Once a large animal crossed the trail and plunged into the willow scrub. At the foot of the rise leading to Glen's cabin, the sound of galloping horses came down the wind. She had just time to drop behind a bunch of red willow before the Pelly men swept by. Angus was in the lead. She got one glimpse of pale faces, ghastly under the sickly lightning, and, like an evil dream, they were gone. Springing up, she ran desperately up the slope.

A light shone through the open door. Then she was in time! Perhaps he had been away! Or—consented. No! Not on such terms! She walked up and looked in.

He swung to and fro, hands still twitching the stretched rope giving forth a doleful creaking. At each gyration, a black shadow, ominous and terrible, swept across the floor to the opposite wall, driving the snorting horse up in his stall. Black spots danced before the girl's eyes; she leaned forward, paralysed, her mouth wide open as though to cry aloud, but silent, fascinated by the dance of death.

An uneasy whinny from the horse restored to her the power of motion. She moved, and with the released breath came forth the suspended cry of the agonised spirit.

She flew at the rope tooth and nail, tearing her fingers on the hard-drawn knot without loosening a strand. Despairingly she glanced around the cabin. An axe leaned in the corner. One stroke and he was down; then, laying his head

on her lap, she drew, with careful haste, the keen edge across the noose. The tightened strands flew apart, and with a hollow sound fresh air rushed to the choked lungs. Taking her wet skirt, she wiped the blood and froth from his mouth; then, pillowing his head on her bosom, she rocked to and fro, waiting in agony for a sign of life.

Slowly the man's soul came back from the valley of the shadows. The lagging pulses took up their beat, and a sigh, faint as the breath of summer, issued from his lips. She heard it. Reaching over, she pulled the blankets from the bunk and made a pillow for his head. Then she got water and poured some in his mouth. He swallowed, groaned; his eyelids moved and opened.

For nearly a minute he stared blankly at the ceiling, a puzzled look on his face, trying to collect his thoughts. Then his eye lighted on the girl. She rose, blushing, and shook her long hair around her shoulders.

"May?"

He sat up and gazed round the cabin, striving to understand. The axe and the severed noose lay beside him, the rope dangled from above.

"You—did—this?"

"I tried to warn you," she said softly. "I—I"—shuddering—"was too late to prevent—"

"After the way I—"

She raised her hand. "Forget it! And now I must go; baby—wants me."

As she turned, Glen got to his knees. He held out his hands, but the obstinate Scot-Cree blood denied him speech. Unseeing, she moved towards the door. A mighty battle, fiercer than the thundering tempest, raged in the man's soul. The old stubborn spirit fought fiercely and—lost. Like the breaking of a flood, a suffocating cry burst forth:

"Forgive!"

She had conquered, and, woman-like, in the hour of victory, surrendered. Returning, she bent over and laid her cheek to his, but, stooping in utter abasement Glen bowed down and kissed her feet.

# The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER IX

### AN OCEAN CARAVANSERY



FATE has a way of keeping marked cards up her sleeve, and of bringing them out at moments not always opportune for some players. In the game that Wolfe was playing with Destiny this was what now happened, though as a matter of fact when fate made her first unexpected *coup* he was none the wiser. For he lay unconscious across the piece of grating tossed on a slowly heaving sea, and would certainly have been swept off his refuge had not the better natured of his two companions—mindful perhaps of Oora's threat—taken some pains to save him.

When the wind rose, and there was no sign of the girl's return or of the aid she had gone to seek, the men huddled beside Wolfe on the raft, which they allowed to drift at the mercy of waves and tide. Fortunately in this part of the Pass there were many coral reefs and sandy shoals, and as had been the case with Oora, they were stranded on one of those, and had some hours of respite from their exertions. At high water they were floated off again, and almost immediately afterwards were sighted by a boat from the *Clytie* which with dawn had been dispatched on a belated mission of rescue.

The officer in charge of the rescuing party was Lieutenant Brian Cordeaux, and thus Fate laid down her first hidden card since Brian Cordeaux happened to be the one man within the reach of James Wolfe, who, had he known of it, Wolfe would have done his utmost to avoid. Card number two was the appearance in Cordeaux' company of Flash Sam, Harry the Blower's mate, whom Wolfe had come north to seek, who now by the

queerest coincidence sat in the bow of the *Clytie's* boat.

It came about in this way. Flash Sam and a Kanaka were out on a salvage quest, the motive of which was not purely humanitarian. They had managed to drive a hole into the side of their dinghy—it wasn't much more—with the sharp edge of a coral reef, had lost their oars and dislocated Flash Sam's wrist. The dinghy was quite unsafe for anyone but a Kanaka to venture in, and Flash Sam was thankful for assistance from the *Clytie's* boat. The Kanaka stuck by the dinghy, but Flash Sam removed himself into the man-of-war's boat. When the three survivors of the *Quetta* wreck were lifted on board her, Flash Sam, making a show of good-fellowship, helped, as far as his own disabled arm permitted, in doing what was possible for the castaways. He stared hard at Wolfe, but for several minutes did not recognise him. Indeed, it would have been surprising had he done so without some distinct clue to the man's identity, and this notwithstanding that the two had recently worked in adjoining claims. Illness and the exposure to tropic sun and salt water had curiously changed Wolfe's appearance. There was something almost grotesque in the inflated face, which was a mass of raised blisters and patched livid and purple red. The eyes were hidden by sodden scorched eyelids. The lips, blistered and puffed to an abnormal size, had cracks that exuded blood. The swollen, blackened tongue protruded between wolfish-looking teeth. The shoulders and chest were scalded and swelled in an even more horrible degree where they shewed between the wet clinging shreds of his shirt, and Oora's chain, wound twice round his neck, seemed almost embedded in the puffed, excoriated flesh.

The chain attracted inquisitive glances,

for it was an uncommon ornament for a man to wear. Flash Sam had lived among coast blacks and was acquainted with their superstitions. As he lifted it from the broken scalds with rough, dirty fingers, making the bystanders wince at the sight, though the wearer remained apparently insensible to pain, he exclaimed:

"Well, this gets me! I never heard of a black giving a charm like that to a white man. You kin take your oath it's kep' the sharks off the lot of 'em."

The officer in charge questioned Sam, while the boatswain moved Wolfe's arm, which were blistered like his shoulder and chest, gently to and fro in an attempt to stimulate circulation, and then slowly dropped weak spirits and water into his mouth.

Flash Sam became suddenly reticent, and a cunning gleam shot from his red eyes, for he had got his clue in the shape of that rather peculiar ring which Wolfe always wore. Now, Flash Sam knew his man and studied him with the keenest interest. He held his tongue, however, as was Flash Sam's custom until he should have ascertained whether—as he would have expressed it in bushman's and digger's phrase—he was following down a dry watercourse to a "dead end," or had got on to a true or false "lead." Moreover, he had his own reasons for not proclaiming Wolfe's identity before making sure what was the business that had brought him up near Thursday Island. Therefore he stumbled further back into the bows and sat ruminatingly chewing a quid of tobacco which he produced from his trouser pocket.

As he sat there, Flash Sam suggested a cross between a stockman and a digger. He had the rakish set of head and loose, swaggering shoulder-build of the bush-rider who enters dark horses at out-back races, and "shouts" at shanties for special reasons, managing at the same time to keep his own head cool without shirking his nobbler. But he had also the stoop of the track-man and the intent downlook of the fossicker, varied by the sudden furtive glance of the rough who has on occasions "been wanted." Two of his

front teeth had been broken off—his brutalised features and bloated skin told a tale of hard drinking, and his mouth was the mouth of an utterer of deep oaths. Except for special reasons as aforesaid, Sam was not given to knocking down his cheques in spreeds. He drank habitually in private, and that fact, added to a reputation for shady transactions in regard to horses and other matters, made him unpopular in spite of his swagger. On the Diggings he was called a "bad egg," and would have found a difficulty in getting a mate, had he not already picked up with Harry the Blower, with whom, it was reported, he had been previously concerned in some discreditable affair. But neither Harry the Blower—a weak, roystering young man given over to drink and gambling, with not much trace of having once been a gentleman—nor Flash Sam himself was communicative about their joint past, and when the two disappeared simultaneously with another digger—Old Dave's mate, known as "Ratty Bill"—none of the miners, not immediately concerned in the matter, took the trouble to enquire what had become of them. Such a flitting was quite in accordance with Flash Sam's habits, the general verdict upon him being that he was "a blanky close cove," always on the "look out" to "have" some other cove and sharp at covering up his tracks when the other cove had been duly "had." Live and let live; *have*, but take care not to be *had*, and above all, give no heed to what you can't turn into profit, is the easy social code of the Diggings. Meantime the two other men who had steered the pole revived fairly quickly, but Wolfe was clearly in a serious condition.

"Looks a bad case, sir," observed the boatswain to the officer in charge.

Lieutenant Cordeaux had been scrutinising the unconscious man with an interested, compassionate, but slightly puzzled expression on his face.

"No, I am sure I never saw the fellow before," he said half to himself, as if he had been inwardly debating the point. "You've never come across him, have you, Raines?"

"Not as I know of, sir, but I doubt if



his own mother would know him now," replied the boatswain. "I should think he's pretty near gone."

"Lay him down as comfortably as you can till the Doctor can overhaul him," said Cordeaux. "We shall certainly have to put him in hospital at Thursday Island."

Then he looked across at Flash Sam. "You seem to belong to this part of the country. What do you think of him?"

Sam spat out his quid and shoved his bull neck forward.

"My oath! If I'd found him in the Bush lying under a gum tree instead of on a sand-bank in the Straits, I'd have looked round for two handy strippings of bark and kep' 'em ready to bury him in like a mate."

"Oh, a mate! Do you know him, then?"

Flash Sam reflected, with his cunning eyes shifting from Wolfe to Cordeaux and back again.

"Maybe I do, maybe I don't; I wouldn't kiss the Book on his not being a bloke I used ter come across. A damned swell of a cove that used ter play cards with a poor mate of mine up at a new Diggings before the bottom of the rush was knocked out. Gentleman James, I b'lieve they called him."

Flash Sam thrust another quid into his cheek and resumed an indifferent, non-committal attitude.

"Oh! What's his right name?" asked Cordeaux.

"I'll take my—blanked—oath that whatever it is, it ain't his right one," replied Flash Sam oracularly.

The boatswain had laid Wolfe in the bottom of the boat with his head on a rolled-up oilskin.

"I suppose you don't know if this Gentleman James has any friends in Thursday Island?" enquired Cordeaux.

Sam shook his head stolidly.

"I dunno nothing about the—blanked—cove," he answered.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head if you can," said Cordeaux, "and just tell me if there's any place in the township where he can be looked after, supposing they've no room for him at the hospital."

Sam reflected again, and finally observed that there was a house he knew where they took lodgers, kept by a woman who

might be induced to look after Gentleman James if she were paid extra for him outside his board."

Cordeaux nodded. There was nothing more to be done at present for the sick man. He held a brief colloquy with the boatswain, and it was settled that they should row round some of the islets before going back to the ship, as it was possible that more survivors might be found, though on the whole this was not very likely. The officer in charge gave an order; the coxswain put about helm and the sailors rowed in strong strokes.

Lieutenant Brian Cordeaux was a youngish man—not yet thirty—with his portion of good looks in, as it were, a state of arrested growth. He made one think of a vigorous plant pruned back so early that instead of tapering shoots it has put forth bushy branches. Parenthetically, naval men may be roughly divided into two types, intercourse with the sea not tending to subtle human differentiations. Those who go down to the sea in ships and ply their business on the great waters are nearly always simple in character, and seem made more or less of Nature elements. One type of man is refined, fairly slender, well shaped, gently sentimental—all sailors are sentimental in a more or less robust fashion—showing the signs of breeding, studious perhaps, and having a dash of poetry. The other type is franker, more boy-like, rougher of physique, with the sense of humour keener, the sentiment virile, but elementary. In this type appreciation of adventure, human life, in short all sensation is more active, and for the time being more intense. It was to the last type that Brian Cordeaux belonged.

He was short, solidly made, broad-shouldered, stout-limbed; his neck thick, his head large for his height, his hands square-palmed, knotty, with blunt, practical finger-tips. In him the fine features of his family were thickened by exposure to sea and wind. He had the Cordeaux brows and dark eyes which crinkled up when he laughed, and shewed a twinkle in them; a square, bulging forehead, baldish at the top where his curly black hair receded; a clean-shaven face tanned to the hue of light brown India-rubber, with



innumerable little lines, like those one sees in India-rubber, which crinkled, too, and deepened when he laughed, as he did freely. His teeth were particularly white, and had not a gap visible. His voice rang with vitality; his laugh was lusty; his lips were strongly cut and smiling, but one could fancy that they would look grim in face of danger. As he sat in the stern of the boat he looked extremely healthy, clean and trim in his white duck uniform and gold-laced cap—the sort of man all women would like immensely, but that only a certain kind of woman would fall in love with. Romantic women seldom take to the simple-natured, strong, open-air hero. Altogether, it might seem not so difficult to understand why Susan Galbraith had preferred the tragic adventurer Wolfe to this breezy, lusty-hearted sailor. Now, after seeing Wolfe safely on the boat Cordeaux took no particular notice of him, but began questioning the two men who had also been saved, and who, after having been given food and stimulant, were able to tell their own tale of the wreck and how they had fallen in with the girl and her companion whose names they did not know.

"A girl!" Cordeaux exclaimed, and listened interestedly to their account of Oora's doings. "You mean to tell me that the other fellow couldn't swim, and that the girl kept him up all night and half a day holding on to that bit of plank-ing! It sounds almost incredible. By George, she must have had pluck—and what a swimmer!"

"She could swim like a fish, and she was a regular little devil," said the surly man, who was now much more loquacious after the brandy he had imbibed. "She sauced us like blazes," he went on, "and said she'd haunt us if we didn't look after her sweetheart."

"Oh, he was her sweetheart, was he? How did you know that when you had never seen them before?"

The man grinned. "We'd got eyes in our heads and ears as well."

Cordeaux frowned.

"What has become of the girl?" he inquired. "Was the poor girl drowned?"

The man related how Oora had swum after a raft they had sighted and had

never returned. Cordeaux' dark eyes glittered ominously as he burst out in contemptuous anger:

"Good Lord! You let her swim off like that—alone—two of you able-bodied swimmers. And you call yourselves *men*?"

"What's the matter with us for letting the girl do as she wanted?" said the fellow, cheekily. "She could swim faster than either of us. And besides that, we had been pickling all the morning in what was no better than warm brine, tugging that infernal raft with a hulking man on it as well as herself, while she was cuddling her sweetheart."

"Stop that!" said Cordeaux, sternly. "You don't speak disrespectfully of any woman aboard this boat."

He sat thoughtful a moment, then turned to the boatswain.

"I wish I'd known of this before. Every minute may have meant a chance of saving her," he cried. "Perhaps she is in the water still."

"It would be a miracle if she was alive, sir," said the boatswain. "Think of a woman all by herself swimming about in the Straits! She couldn't have helped going under after all she had been through. And there was a capful of wind blowing last night. . . No, I'm afraid, sir, she's food for sharks long ago."

Cordeaux shuddered. "We'll keep a look-out at any rate," he said.

Cordeaux had made the sailors pull with double energy, and the *Clytie's* boat was now flying through the water. He scoured the sea with his glass. There was a speck on the water a long way off and he steered for it, at the same time keeping a sharp look-out on the sandbanks and coral islets. The black speck proved to be one of Mr. Aisbet's little flotilla of rescue boats, for he had manned every canoe and dinghy on his beach with white and black oarsmen. Cordeaux hailed the boat, and Aisbet's overseer answered in a gruff colonial twang:

"Hullo! Eh? Mr. Aisbet picked up a young woman who must have been in the water over thirty hours, and was close up done for. Who was it? Eh? Oh, well, the Boss said he wouldn't have recognised her, but one of the coast blacks in

his boat who was on Bunda Station said she was Miss Galbraith."

Cordeaux started and turned pale under his tan. "Galbraith! What name did you say? Not Miss Susan Galbraith?"

"No. . . Don't think that was it. . . . Sounded a queer kind of name—something like Oora, I b'lieve. . . She's over at Acobarra. . . I'm going to Thursday Island to fetch a doctor. . . She's awfully bad. Every one of our boats have been out. They've been all round the islands. Not likely there'll be any more finds. Awful business!" Aisbet's overseer shouted on this wise, making a trumpet of his hands, and the boats went further from each other, the one from the *Clytie* turning in the direction of the ship, the other pursuing her way to the settlement.

Wolfe, still unconscious, was taken on board the man-of-war and laid in a berth, and the other two men and Flash Sam were also put on board and Sam's wrist attended to. Meantime, the Captain of the *Clytie* got up steam for Thursday Island.

Port Kennedy—to put its proper name, which no one up north ever called the port on Thursday Island—lay brooding under the humid oppression of the north-west monsoon. The sun shone through a steamy haze, for the rain clouds were breaking, and the heat was intense. But the sense of brooding did not mean inactivity. In the harbour, all along and round the new jetty, were ships of many nations and kinds, from which tugs and boats plied to and fro. Here were coasting and cargo vessels, traders from the Timor and Arafura Seas, pearling and beche-de-mer luggers. Chinese junks and picturesque Malay prams with matting sails; a Japanese liner, Dutch craft from Java, German and British merchant vessels, with one or two ordinary Australian passenger steamers. The place seemed the emporium for a good deal of Polynesian traffic.

The town spread there, chiefly in one main street, along the curved shore. There were low shipping sheds, stores, wharves, white roads stretching to the beach, a few verandahed bungalows set in tropical gardens, principal among them the Government Residency, a School

of Arts, a Mission house of the Sacred Heart, Government offices, English hotels, Brown-Race hostelrys, a small Chinese quarters against a background of stony scrub, sea and low heights, the rise to one side of the town being overgrown with tussocks of particularly large spear-grass. Through all were vivid patches of colour—the glossy green of mango trees and tropical foliage, sheets of orange poinciana bloom, the crimson and flame hues of tropical flowers, with here and there the ragged top of a Paw-paw apple and the fronds of palms. While pervading everything was the indescribable smell of the Orient, blended with that of decaying fish, seaweed and the scent of exotic growth. It was a conglomeration of South Sea villainy and Anglo-Australian respectability; an ocean caravansery for blacks, browns, yellows and whites—the most curious blend and offshoot of eastern and western civilisation.

A steamer from Batava and a mail packet from Sydney had come in that morning, but even English news sank into insignificance besides the reports of the *Quetta* catastrophe. The Company's offices were besieged by enquirers, and excited groups collected round the public buildings to read the notices and gather the latest intelligence. Lieutenant Cordeaux had come on shore from the *Clytie*. At the telegraph office, where he had business, the clerk, recognising him, handed him a blue telegraph envelope.

"For you, sir. Just wired on."

Cordeaux took the envelope, but stuffed it into his pocket while he continued his instructions concerning some telegrams his chief had given him to send off, and which appeared to require explanation. It was characteristic of the man that he should attend to his official before his private business, though, as a matter of fact, his mind was so full of what had lately happened, and so deeply occupied with a certain personal anxiety that he had not much room in it for ordinary affairs. As he hurried out of the office, his eye was caught by a posted up list of the *Quetta* passengers, and beneath it the meagre account of those known so far to have been saved. Forgetting altogether about the telegram in his pocket in his

anxiety to reassure himself upon that particular matter which troubled him, he eagerly scanned the lists. There, among the first-class passengers, was the name of Miss Oora Galbraith, and now he knew for certain that it was not Susan, the girl he knew and cared for, but her sister whom Mr. Aisbet had picked up in the Straits. A thrill of intense relief went through Cordeaux at finding that Susan had not been on the *Quetta*, as he had at first feared. With the feeling of thankfulness, however, blended a vague sense of disappointment. It would have been so delightful to meet Susan again, even under these distressing conditions. As it was, he felt afraid that this disaster might interfere with his projected visit to Narrawan, for on putting in at Thursday Island a few days previously he had found Susan's note containing her father's invitation. Cordeaux' leave dated from the following day, when the *Clytie* was under orders for British New Guinea, and the young man had been planning a trip down the coast and some interesting experiences in the Bush, reserving the largest portion of time at his disposal for his visit to Narrawan.

Turning away from the public buildings, his mind still occupied with Susan and her sister as he reflected upon the best mode of getting to the Aisbet's to enquire after Oora, Cordeaux found himself confronted by a newspaper poster on which was a detailed summary of the month's English news. He stopped to look at it, remembering that he knew next to nothing of what had been going on in the world during the last few weeks. For while the *Clytie* had been on her cruise among out-of-the-way islands, from which she had just returned, he had missed the ordinary cables, and had not received any letters. Now, he had a sudden shock which for the moment took his breath away. In one of the earliest announcements, he read:

"Death of the Earl of Ellan and of his only surviving son, Viscount Linne, in a terrible railway disaster between Buffalo and Chicago."

Cordeaux stood transfixed for a minute, and then gave an hysterical little laugh. The thing seemed too impossible. There

must be some mistake. But a few moments' reflection told him that when intelligence of this kind is cabled out to the Colonies it is very unlikely indeed that there should be a mistake. He remembered, too, having seen in a copy of the *World*, which he had picked up at the Queensland Club at Brisbane on his way north, a paragraph telling of a tour which Lord Ellan and his son were making in the Western States, with the view, it was said, of purchasing land for farming purposes after the example of other British noblemen. Indeed, Brian Cordeaux' letters had some short time back informed him of the project, and that it was undertaken not so much for the purpose of farming, as of weaning the affections of Lord Linne from the daughter of a country parson whom his father did not consider sufficiently desirable as mate for the heir to an ancient name.

So much of the news at any rate was true, and there was certainly no doubt about the accident to the Chicago Express. Realising this, Cordeaux smiled grimly to himself, as he thought that had Linne been permitted to remain at home and marry the parson's daughter, his own chance of succeeding to the peerage would probably have been put altogether out of the question. As it was—Brian caught his breath quickly—as it was—why, he himself might at this moment be Earl of Ellan.

He put his hand to his forehead and felt it clammy cold in spite of the tropical heat. It was not that he felt any real grief at the loss of his uncle and cousin, for he had seen very little of them since entering the navy. It was the idea of the change this sudden event might make in his own future that overwhelmed him. His father was dead; he had one sister, unmarried, and a brother who had just passed his examination for the Indian Civil Service, both younger than himself. They were poor—like all the Cordeauxs—not excepting Lord Ellan, who for his position had been a man of small means. Yet to step into his uncle's place, and into a more moderate income even than his uncle's had been, meant something tremendous to the young man. Apart from the natural advantages, it meant the

power to marry, and his thought turned at once tenderly to Susan Galbraith; it meant comfort and pleasant responsibilities in his own country; it meant relief to his brother and sister, and comparative luxury to a mother of whom he was devotedly fond. He had never speculated upon this possibility, and on that account did not at the first grasp it—view the matter in all its bearings. While his cousin Linne lived the chance had been too remote for him to consider seriously his position in regard to the succession. It did not now occur to him until the brilliant prospect had dangled for a minute or two before his imagination, that it was not by any means assured to him—that indeed there might be one insuperable obstacle to the attainment of his desires. If his cousin James was alive, then by order of seniority, James Cordeaux would be Earl of Ellan, and Brian must still remain a poor officer in the Queen's Navy.

The remembrance of James Cordeaux came like a douche of cold water. So utterly had the man passed out of his ken that he had almost forgotten his name and place in the family—a place that he had forfeited—a name that Brian believed richly deserved to be forgotten. But there remained the if thought—all the probabilities were that James Cordeaux was dead or lost beyond recall.

Brian walked on with a dazed feeling that he must think things out quietly to himself, and that he had better go back at once to the ship to do so. He could not collect his thoughts here in the heat and glare, and crude bustle of the township. The very roll of the surf on the shore irritated his nerves, and so did the sight of so many and varied specimens of humanity—roughs and beach-combers, and dissipated scoundrels slouching out of stores and bars, noisy Kanakas, fierce Malays, smooth, sleek Chinamen, perspiring Englishmen, burly Dutch and fat Germans—all the nondescript riff-raff of the place, which in any other conditions would have amused him. He made for the jetty and met coming away from it Blair, the surgeon of the *Clytie*, with Flash Sam, his arm bound up, but other-

wise none the worse for his morning's adventure, who appeared to be acting as guide.

"Found out where you get the best drinks?" asked Blair.

"No—oh, by Jove!" Cordeaux suddenly recollected the telegram that he had stuffed into his pocket and pulled it out, but before opening it, he enquired what Blair was about.

"I'm going to find a place for the poor chap you picked up this morning," said the Doctor. "It's one of the worst Dengue cases I've come across and his body is in the most frightful state of scaled. I wish he hadn't to be cleared out, but we can't take him along to New Guinea, and the hospital here is so crammed that they are at their wit's end to find beds for the poor wretches that keep coming in. Are you going back to the ship?"

"Yes," replied Cordeaux. "The fact is I've had rather a shock. You'll see it in the telegrams. My uncle and cousin have been killed."

Blair nodded sympathetically.

"Forgive me, old chap. I did hear of it from the Health Officer just now. But at Thursday Island to-day it seems a case of letting 'the dead bury their dead,' and not too much time to look after the living. I'm awfully sorry for you—if it's a subject for serious condolence."

"It's not—in a personal sense—" said Brian hastily. "He was a bit of a Tartar, poor old Ellan, and Linne I scarcely knew. Of course, though, it's an awful thing—the two of them cut off like that."

"Does it make a difference to you?"

Blair looked sharply at Cordeaux. Flash Sam had done the same at the mention of bad news.

"I don't quite know where *you* come in, Cordeaux," added the surgeon.

"Nor I—that's the devil of it." Brian gave again that odd little laugh. He was opening his telegram, and Blair merely nodded and left him. Flash Sam, whose custom it was never to miss an opportunity of acquiring information about other people's affairs, lingered a moment, and his furtive glance went over Brian's shoulder and took in the contents of the telegram. It was rather

long for a cable, and he saw it had come from London. It ran thus:

"Earl of Ellan and Viscount Linne both killed railway accident America. Acting on behalf of estate. James Wolfe Cordeaux next heir, reported at Casino, New South Wales, January, '85. Instructing Craies, Solicitor, Sydney, to enquire for same.

(Signed) ANDOVER, Solicitor, London.

Brian Cordeaux' black brows knitted as he muttered "Casino, New South Wales, January, '85. Damn him!"

## CHAPTER X

### THE EAVESDROPPER

SURGEON BLAIR got back to the *Clytie* about an hour after Cordeaux had come on board, and was on his way to his own cabin when he met the Lieutenant in the ward-room.

"Your man seems a little better," he said, "but he's been raving badly, I hear. Did I tell you that he came to for a few minutes and then started talking a lot of rot about a Sea-witch and a shark's tooth and Heaven knows what? Queer chain that round his neck! He fought us when we tried to take it off, so I had to plaster him under it. Come in here, Cordeaux."

"Poor devil," murmured Cordeaux, as the two turned into the doctor's cabin. "It's not surprising that he should be badgered by the idea of sharks—that tooth is a black's charm, the other man says. What have you done about him, Blair?"

"Oh, I've found a decent sort of woman to take him in, and I've given up the money we subscribed for him to the medico at the hospital over there. He'll see to him when he can spare time. And that murderous looking villain, whom the Kanaka calls Flash Sam, has been promised a fiver out of the cash if he does what he can for him. We've put the beggar on his honour—not that he has much, I conjecture—but he seems keen to look after the other, and, at all events, it's all we can do. The other two poor wretches

have got friends in the Settlement, and have gone to them. They're all right."

The surgeon was busy sorting out some letters and papers which he had brought with him and, drawing his stethoscope and a small case of instruments from his pocket, he laid them on the bulkhead which served as a table. Cordeaux meanwhile leaned on the bunk which was placed immediately beneath the port-hole.

"Flash Sam says he knew this fellow on the Diggings," continued Blair. "Queer, isn't it, how seldom you can get at a man's real name among these diggers and pearlys? Probably they've all good reasons for concealing it. The Dengue chap appears to be known as Gentleman James."

"James," repeated Cordeaux, a note of interest in his voice.

"Why?" asked Blair. "You don't know anything about him, do you?"

"Oh, no! It was only that the name struck me from having been in the telegram I got this morning."

Blair's face became sympathetic. "I'm afraid that you've been rather knocked on a heap by your news to-day," he said.

"Rather! There's the telegram. You can read it. It explains my position."

He threw the blue paper across the cabin table to Blair, who examined it with curiosity.

"This is three weeks old," he remarked. "Don't you see it has been making shots at us at different telegraph stations on Islands where we didn't go. Forwarded last from Fiji."

The surgeon read the telegram and looked at Cordeaux.

"I see. *Who* is the lost heir?"

"You see in that—my cousin, James Wolfe Cordeaux."

"And failing him, you are Earl of Ellan?"

"That sizes it up about."

"And where is James Wolfe Cordeaux?" asked the surgeon.

Brian shrugged his shoulders. "Ah! Tell me that, I wish you could. I would give a good deal to know whether he is alive or dead."

Blair laughed.

"In fact, I imagine that it would be



considerably to your advantage if this James Wolfe Cordeaux was where most of those unfortunate *Quetta* people are now."

Brian's face grew dark.

"Better men went down in her, I expect. I never wished the fellow harm, but if he had chanced to be aboard I shouldn't mourn."

"What sort is he? One of the gone-unders?"

"He went under as far as his career in England is concerned, seven or eight years ago," replied Brian. "But the world will forget all about that if he appears again on the top of the wave as Lord Ellan."

The Doctor gave a nod of profound conviction.

"Trouble over a cheque, I suppose?" he said. "It's always that or a woman."

"Well, he forged Baron Heussler's name and knocked him down into the bargain, which seemed an unnecessary sort of adding insult to injury," said Cordeaux, and his eyes and face crinkled afresh as he gave an uneasy laugh.

"To assault a man after you have forged his name, or to forge his name after you've knocked him down certainly doesn't sound wise," observed the Doctor. "Your cousin should have kept either his honesty or his temper."

"As for that, all the Cordeaux have vile tempers," answered Brian, "but James had a double inheritance, for his mother was sister to that historic Colonel Wolfe—do you remember 'Hellfire Wolfe' they called him—who was court-martialled for having killed a native soldier in a fit of fury. There are several Wolfes in the service, and I'm told it is as much as your life is worth to play a practical joke on any of them."

"Yes, I know. I was once on the same ship with a Wolfe, and he had a fiendish temper. But apart from heredity and the forged cheque I should imagine there'd been a woman at the bottom of James Cordeaux' mess."

"Well, my cousin Madge—Lady Tuv-erall—and James used to be chums when they were children, and Madge has always declared that Baroness Heussler was at the back of Jim's going wrong.

Old Heussler was a brute to his wife, I've heard—thrashed her every now and then—and held the purse-strings tight. Perhaps he did that on principle to keep her from gambling. I believe she was always flying over to Monte Carlo, and Madge said that by a curious coincidence Jim was often there at the same time. Did you ever meet her, Blair?"

"Baroness Heussler! Not I! I never was in the 'smart set,' my dear chap! but I remember her being pointed out to me once at the opera. A fascinating looking woman."

"I've only seen her portrait among pictures of society beauties," said Cordeaux. "But she interested me. She's dead now, I believe; there was a lot of scandal about her and James."

"I don't recollect the case," said the Doctor; "did it get into the papers?"

"The case was withdrawn. They put pressure on old Heussler and my uncle Ellan paid up for the honour of the family, on condition that James cleared out of the country and never shewed his face again. I'm rather hazy about the details of it all, for I was on the China station then, and I hardly knew Jem—hadn't seen him since I was a youngster on the *Britannia*. To tell the truth I've hardly given the fellow a thought till I got this news. You see when Linne was alive and likely to marry, it wasn't much odds to me. Now, I've got to think of Jem Cordeaux whether I want to or not."

"Are you sure that he really did commit the forgery?" said the Doctor, thoughtfully.

"Oh, there was never any doubt of that; he owned up to it, and I suppose in ordinary conditions he would have had to do his seven years. But the question now is, what has become of him?"

"And as I remarked, it would be a good thing for you if he had gone down in the *Quetta*."

"I'd willingly pay a thousand pounds to anyone who'd bring me proof that James Wolfe Cordeaux was dead," exclaimed Brian impulsively, as he picked up the blue telegraph paper and threw it angrily down again. "Of course, I couldn't put my hand on such a sum now, but if that were true, I could well



afford to pay it. And the information would be cheap at the price. I don't pretend to be a mealy-mouthed saint, Blair. It would be an immense satisfaction to me to know that James Cordeaux no longer stood between me and good fortune. This means a great deal to me."

"So it would to most people, and probably you would make a better use of the fortune than he would, considering his past. I see that he is supposed to have been in Australia in '85," said Blair, fingering the telegraph paper. "It ought to be easy enough to trace him if he went under his own name, but like these pearly chaps we were speaking of, he has probably adopted another."

"I wouldn't raise a finger against him—you know that—but this question of finding my scoundrelly cousin dead or alive concerns me so closely that I'd willingly fork out that thousand—just to be sure that he'd swung for his misdeeds."

A faint, scraping sound came at that moment from somewhere on the ship's side, apparently below the port-hole of Blair's cabin, but neither he nor Cordeaux took any heed of it.

"You bloodthirsty villain!" and the surgeon smiled tolerantly. "I am not sure that Australia wasn't the best place for this inconvenient cousin of yours to come to in order to get himself properly wiped out. If James Wolfe Cordeaux started knocking fellows down in some parts of this country, lynch law would soon settle his lordship." Blair paused again as he was passing into the ward-room. "I say, old man, chuck me over that black-bound book on the stand beside you—*Tropical Medicine*—that's it. I'll see if I can get any fresh lights on Dengue. By the way, too, I heard of a fine earth-eating epidemic over at the Settlement. He's a most interesting microbe, that gentleman, but don't you go near him. He's established in the mud floor of an empty Chinaman's hut, and whoever sleeps in the hut catches the microbe and turns earth-eater. That's worse than being in love."

Brian made an exasperated gesture and threw the book across to Blair, who caught it adroitly. The Doctor was a

skinny, dried-up little man, with grizzled hair and a cynical expression. He went off chuckling into the ward-room, but Cordeaux, who was about to follow him, stopped and turned, his attention suddenly caught by that soft, scraping sound outside. He leaned across the edge of the bunk, and peered as far as he was able through the port-hole. Just beneath the level of it he caught sight of a rough, sandy head, crowned by a most unnautical cap.

"Hullo! You below there! What are you doing?" he sang out.

The sandy head disappeared instantaneously, and there came the spasmodic jerking of a rope. Brian waited. The doctor's cabin was well amidships and close to the officers' gangway, so that any commotion there would have been likely to pass unheeded, but for some unaccountable reason Brian's suspicions were aroused. He disliked the idea of an eavesdropper, especially as he knew that he had just been speaking in an unguarded manner. He had half a mind to ring up Blair's servant and send round to see who it was, but instinct made him wait for a moment. He preferred to keep by the port-hole, but he glanced round for something to stand on that should enable him to see better. It did not seem exactly dignified to employ a chair, and he was on the point of calling out again when there sounded a nearer rustle in the rope, and Flash Sam's shock head appeared beyond the aperture.

"Oh, it's you—I thought so," said Brian, testily. "What are you doing here?"

"Gettin' holt on my boat, sir," replied Flash Sam, reluctantly civil. "I ain't a possum or a goanna used ter climbing down gum trees, and this is a stiff job with my blooming tied-up old fist."

"You should have gone by the gangway for'ard. You've no business over the side here." Brian's tone was reprehensive, but his gaze was more uneasy than that of Flash Sam, who faced him with surly assurance.

"What's yer bloomin' blue jackets barneyin' me then with the Doctor's orders to sling my boat close-up to the officers' gangway for that sick crawler to be taken

ashore in? Blast their imperdence, chuck-in' me a rope and leavin' me to slide down it like a performin' monkey."

"Oh! Well, you could have used the gangway. They'd have let you pass if you'd explained. Haul up at the gangway and wait there till the Doctor lets you know he's ready."

Instead of obeying, Sam thrust his head closer to the port-hole.

"Hold hard, mister. Lemme have a word first. How about that thousand pounds you said you was willing to fork out a minute or two ago?"

"And what the devil do you know about what I said?" exclaimed Brian hotly, but visibly taken aback.

"Just what I heerd you remark, mister—and maybe a bit over," retorted Sam, with surly bravado. "Come, Boss, you was free enough with your offer, and you needn't grudge a pore, hard-working cove what's down on his luck a chance of making a show with the thousand quid and the bit over. A thousand pounds. That was it. You said, 'I'd willingly pay a thousand pounds to anyone who'd bring me proof that James Wolfe Cordeaux was dead. And would be cheap at the price,' you said. . . . Wasn't them the words?"

Brian Cordeaux clinched his white, even teeth and swore through them. The man's insolent quotation of his own speech infuriated him. But worse than that he suddenly realised in what a false position his unthinking utterance placed him. To be at the mercy of this black-mailing rascal was an intolerable suggestion. He resolved to bluff the matter.

"Damn you!" he exclaimed, "if you think I'm going to pay you a thousand pounds—or even a cent—for holding your tongue over a silly speech of mine that meant nothing you're very much mistaken. Get out of my sight, you infernal eavesdropper!"

Sam's sulky mouth curved in a smile. He could deal with a man who swore at him. But he repudiated the charge with virtuous indignation.

"Eavesdropper! I'm an infernal eavesdropper, am I? S'welp me, I ain't no eavesdropper." He pronounced the word as if it were a term of unthinkable oppro-

brium. Whose fault is it, I'd like ter know, that I was a hangin' on with my one hand to rest a minute and to keep from tumbling into the water—and my boat fifty yards away from me, and the Kanaka as deaf as a post? All to do a good turn to a sufferin' human being that had never done nothing for me! Oh, there ain't anything wrong with my ears, I'm happy to say, and if you choose to talk secrets in front of a port-hole what business is it of mine? Likely I'd let go and be drowned, particularly when I heard the name of an old mate of mine mentioned—and you saying that you'd be glad to feel sure he'd swung for his misdeeds!"

The young officer bit his clean-shaven lip, and his eyes dropped as Sam again deliberately repeated his words. He knew now that Sam must have listened to the whole conversation. "You abominable scoundrel!" he began; then remembering Sam's reference to the man as a mate of his, it flashed through Brian's mind that by exercising some prudence and self-control he might obtain the very assurance he desired. He looked straight at Flash Sam, and this time did not blanch.

"I understand that you—that this gentleman I spoke of—was a friend of yours? Is that what you meant by 'the bit over' you threatened me with?"

"You've hit the nail, mister."

"Can you tell me then whether he is alive or dead?"

Sam grinned, and gave an unmistakable wink.

"Not without the stuff. A bargain's a bargain."

"I've no intention of bargaining with you," said Brian, forcing himself to keep cool. "If you don't care to say what you know now, you'll have to give your evidence later in a court of law."

"Oh, I will, will I? That's your game. Well, I'll tell you it won't work. You try it, that's all."

And Sam turned his head and spat into the sea, then resumed: "I ain't going to pervide you for nothing with information that'll make yer a lord and be worth thousands to you, let alone the girl you're sweet on. I know all about that. She's old Bully Galbraith's daughter—Bully

Galbraith what gev me a hiding once, that I've sworn to be even with him for. She's a stuck-up piece of goods, she is—but I ain't got no pertickler down on her."

"Stop!" interrupted Brian fiercely. "Don't you dare to mention that lady's name or it will be the worse for you! Wait a minute," he went on, taking a reasonable tone; "I don't care to have dealings with outsiders, but it strikes me that if you've got the information we happen to want, and there's a reward going, you may as well have the benefit of it as anybody else. I believe that Craies & Sons, lawyers, in Sydney, are going to offer a good reward for information concerning James Wolfe Cordeaux, and you've only got to take yours and the proof of what you say to them and you'll get paid for it."

"I don't want no lawyers—don't like 'em," said Sam. "And how am I going to get to Sydney, anyhow? And supposin' I got there and found the lawyers was no better at keeping their word than their masters? No, Boss, it's between you and me. You said you'd pay one thousand quid to know for certain that James Wolfe Cordeaux was dead or likely to swing, which comes to the same, and what I want to know is whether you're prepared to stand the show? I'll take your word fer it now."

Brian looked at the man doubtfully.

"Can't you say at once what you know?" he asked.

"No, I can't—and what's more, I won't. You want proof. Very well, I'll go and get it, and then we'll swop. My proof, your money."

"How long will it take to get your proof?"

"I can't say. It ain't no easy matter to find out witnesses that up stick and jack it directly they hear of any bloomin' new gold layout. It might be two or three

weeks, or it might be seven or eight. Jest you leave it to me."

Steps sounded outside in the ward-room, and the Doctor's voice was heard speaking to the Second Lieutenant about the sick man's removal.

"I must cut," said Sam. "Is it a bargain, Boss?"

Brian hesitated, and again looked at Flash Sam. "I make no bargains about this sort of thing," he said; "but if I'm satisfied that everything is straight and square, and that your information is worth what you say it is—well, you may take my word that I'll see you amply rewarded. That's all I shall say. You can act on it or not, as you please."

"Right y'are, Boss," returned Sam, cheerfully, and without giving opportunity for another word he disappeared from sight, clambering down the side of the ship with an agility that belied his previous account of himself. Immediately below, in the dark shadow of the ship made by a lowering sun, lay the little boat in which he and the Kanaka had gone out on their salvage quest after the wreck of the *Quetta*. The Kanaka was in it now doing something to the rowlocks, for the boat had been hauled up at the davits and temporarily patched by the *Clytie* men. Sam signed silently to the Kanaka and then dropped into the boat. An expression of evil satisfaction gleamed in his eyes. But he had much to think of and to plan, so he sat down in the stern quietly ruminating. There was a constant passing and repassing of boats from the settlement for the delivery of provisions and other errands. Presently the ship's pinnace buzzed around bringing the *Clytie's* Captain on board, and Sam modestly pushed his own dinghy behind the back of the gangway and waited there for the coming of James Wolfe.

TO BE CONTINUED



# When the Dominion Was Young

The First of Six Historical Sketches

By J. E. B. McCREADY



THE seventh decade of the nineteenth century, in which the Canadian Dominion was called into being, was fruitful of great events in Europe and America. Denmark despoiled of half of her territory, Austria deposed from the headship of Germany and Prussia promoted thereto, France overrun and conquered by Germany, the Napoleonic dynasty ended at Sedan and a republic established on its ruins—such were some of the shocks that buffeted the nations of continental Europe. Within the same period the whole of North America was also shaken by a series of political earthquakes, and its map, like that of Europe, was changed. Following the order of nature these political throes began and were most violent in the southern latitudes of the continent. Maximilian of Austria, backed by Napoleon III and the arms of France, became for a brief space Emperor of Mexico, but later, betrayed by trusted friends, was captured, court-martialled and shot at Queretaro. In the United States arose the most gigantic civil war recorded in history. For a time it seemed that the great Republic must be rent in twain. Millions of armed men struggled upon scores of battlefields. The rivers ran with blood. Lincoln was martyred, but not until he had set his hand to the great emancipation proclamation which struck off forever the manacles from millions of dusky hands. The purchase of Alaska from Russia followed, and the reunited Republic became our northern as it had before been our southern neighbour. "Overshadowing us like a winter cloud from the north," was the way Joseph Howe put it, in view of the fact that our powerful rival in North America had but recently disbanded some two millions of armed men. A hundred years before the whole of North and South America had been ruled from Europe. Now all that

remained of European sovereignty from Cape Horn to the Arctic Circle was the British North American Provinces. The great question, Shall we remain British? was in every thoughtful mind. It was felt that politics had become stern, almost tragic, in the new world. Then the representatives of the Provinces met together at Quebec and their first resolve was that "the best interests and future prosperity of British America will be promoted by a federal union under the crown of Great Britain," and Britain on her part, in a memorable despatch, pledged the might of her Empire to defend Canada against the world. Thus, ninety years after the Declaration of Independence, the leading men of the North American Provinces solemnly reaffirmed their allegiance to the British Sovereign, the Red Cross Flag and the monarchical principle. It was, for the northern half of this continent, a momentous epoch.

When the British North America Act went into force and the first federal government was formed on 1st July, 1867, and later when on November 6 the elected representatives of the four Provinces met in Ottawa, there was little more than what the great O'Connell called "a union upon parchment" existing between the larger Provinces of old Canada and the two smaller Provinces on the Atlantic coast. Nova Scotia was almost in open revolt, her provincial government, legislature and people, and eighteen of her nineteen representatives in the federal House of Commons being determinedly committed to a repeal of the union. The people resented the fact that they had been legislated into the union without being consulted, and against their well-known wishes. New Brunswick was less recalcitrant, but still critical and somewhat suspicious of the new relations. Her people had indeed been consulted at the polls in regard to the famous Quebec Scheme in 1865, and

had by an overwhelming majority rejected it. In the following year they had given a majority in favour of a revised scheme of union, but the spirit of opposition was still strong among many of her people. Not a few flags floated at half-mast on Dominion Day, 1867, in St. John, and one of these, cut down by some marching volunteers who refused to pass beneath it, gave rise to a sensational prosecution in the police court. Three of the leading Anti-Confederates of 1865, in New Brunswick, were elected to the first House of Commons. These were the late Hon. A. J. Smith, afterward Sir Albert; Hon. T. W. Anglin, afterward Speaker and then editor and proprietor of the *St. John Freeman*; and Hon. John Costigan, who is still in Parliament. The two first named had been leading spirits of the Anti-Confederate Government of 1865-6. They had indeed accepted the union, but like men who accept a fact accomplished, though against their convictions.

In several other important respects the first Parliament differed from any that has succeeded it. It began its sessions representing but four Provinces. It ended as a Parliament for six Provinces, Manitoba having been raised to the provincial status in 1870 and British Columbia brought into the union in 1871. And these new elements were not at first very readily assimilated. Then there was dual representation. From the beginning Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had declared against it. No member of their governments or legislatures was permitted to hold a seat in either the Senate or Commons at Ottawa. Ontario and Quebec had other views. They not only permitted, but at first rather encouraged their leading public men to sit in both the provincial legislatures and the federal Parliament. John Sandfield Macdonald, the first Premier of Ontario, sat in the House of Commons with all his governmental colleagues—John Carling, Stephen Richards, Matthew Crooks Cameron and Edmund Burke Wood. Premier Chauveau, of Quebec, was there in like fashion, supported right and left by the members of his cabinet,

Quimet, Dunkin, Beaubien, Archambault, Irvine and others. Mackenzie, Blake and other members of the Ontario Opposition also held dual seats. During the sessions of Parliament there were three Governments in Ottawa, representing in their administrative capacity three-fourths of the people of what then was Canada. And these three Governments were closely allied under the supreme leadership of that astute statesman, Sir John Macdonald. For three or four months of the year Ontario and Quebec were ruled both in federal and provincial affairs from Ottawa. Thus, in close daily touch as well as in alliance politically, this political combination seemed irresistible. It was a unique feature of the first Parliament.

Another distinctive feature was the absence of cohesion among what constituted the Opposition when the first Parliament met. Mr. Mackenzie, the leader of the Opposition, was an Ontario Liberal. Hon. Joseph Howe, the leader of the Nova Scotian contingent, with most, if not all, of his following, were Liberals. But Liberalism meant something different in each of the Provinces. The Western Liberals could not, of course, accept Howe's programme of repeal, and he and his followers cared nothing for the issues which divided the Reformers of the west from the Liberal-Conservatives who were united under Sir John Macdonald. No Opposition in any Canadian Parliament since that day has been so wanting in cohesion, or so hopelessly divided. The result proved that they could not assimilate. And yet in numbers this heterogeneous Opposition, made up of 36 from Ontario, 20 from Quebec, 18 from Nova Scotia, and 8 from New Brunswick—a total of 82—was quite a formidable body in a House of 181 members, leaving the Government at the outset with a certain majority of no more than 17. This was afterward increased somewhat, but the majority was indeed few enough for a Government which had so formidable a task before it. That task was not only to prevent the threatened disruption, but to fuse together and consolidate the



heterogeneous elements and make of them one great Dominion, imbued with a national life and a national spirit.

It is also worthy of note in passing that no succeeding Parliament has contained so many men eminent in the public life of their several Provinces as that which assembled at Ottawa with the first fall of snow in November, 1867. Each of the four Provinces had sent a goodly quota of its ablest men. There were among them no fewer than twelve or thirteen Premiers or ex-Premiers of Provinces. A very much larger number had served, or were serving, in provincial cabinets. Be it observed also that most of these men were either young, or in the prime of vigorous manhood. A few only were comparatively advanced in years. Hon. Joseph Howe, "the old man eloquent," was 63, and his somewhat scanty locks were growing white. Sir Francis Hincks was 60, and his still abundant, bushy hair and beard were snowy. Sir George Cartier, although but 53, was also showing some appearance of age, his iron-grey hair being combed back from his lofty but somewhat receding forehead. Sir John Macdonald, the central figure among them all, was 52, but his curling locks were brown and his every movement was marked by the alertness of youth. Tilley was 49, Dorion 49, Dr. Tupper, as he was then called, was 46; McDougall 45, Alexander Mackenzie 45, "the granite-faced" leader of the Opposition. Mackenzie Bowell had numbered 44 years, Peter Mitchell 43, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, destined to death before the first session had ended, was 42; Hector L. Langevin 41, David Mills 36, Edward Blake 34, and showing a ruddy face beneath his broad-rimmed slouch hat; Richard J. Cartwright 32, and always immaculately dressed. The venerable

Senator Wark, who lived to see the years of his second century, was then of the age of Joseph Howe.

Scores of others might be named, many of whom have passed from life's activities; others known only to the present generation as old, grey-headed men, who when they sat in the first Parliament were only in the thirties and forties. There were giants in those days, giants in their fullest vigour, many of them already famous and awaiting greater fame. A noble earl, when introducing the British North America Act in the House of Lords, had closed his speech with the words: "We are laying to-day the foundations of a great state which may one day overshadow even ourselves." The leading spirits of the first Parliament were of the stamp which gave promise of that prediction's fulfilment. No one can deny that they possessed the grasp and the forecast of true statesmanship. And the gift of oratory was not wanting. Indeed, that was the olden age of Canadian oratory. On field nights we were privileged to listen to the picturesque and engaging eloquence of Howe, the tremendously energetic and forceful deliverances of Tupper, the melodious voice and classic periods of McGee, the stately diction of Blake, the music of the silver-tongued Huntingdon, the moving oratory of Hilyard Cameron, or the chaste and pleasing discourses of John H. Gray. These and many others in the first Parliament were gifted with rare power to sway the feelings and the minds of men. Many of these eloquent voices are now forever silent, but it may not be without interest to recall them as they moved and spoke, and to reproduce scenes in which they took part, and impressions formed in and about Parliament in the days when the Dominion was young. Such will be the object of succeeding chapters.

TO BE CONTINUED



# The Passing of the Poet

By STEPHEN LEACOCK



**S**TUDIES in what may be termed collective psychology are essentially in keeping with the spirit of the present century. The examination of the mental tendencies, the intellectual habits which we display not as individuals, but as members of a race, community or crowd, is offering a fruitful field of speculation as yet but little exploited. One may, therefore, not without profit, pass in review the relation of the poetic instinct to the intellectual development of the present era.

Not the least noticeable feature in the psychological evolution of our time is the rapid disappearance of poetry. The art of writing poetry, or perhaps more fairly, the habit of writing poetry, is passing from us. The poet is destined to become extinct.

To a reader of trained intellect the initial difficulty at once suggests itself as to what is meant by poetry. But it is needless to quibble at a definition of the term. It may be designated, simply and fairly, as the art of expressing a simple truth in a concealed form of words, any number of which, at intervals greater or less, may or may not rhyme.

The poet, it must be said, is as old as civilisation. The Greeks had him with them, stamping out his iambs with the sole of his foot. The Romans, too, knew him—endlessly juggling his syllables together, long and short, short and long, to make hexameters. This can now be done by electricity, but the Romans did not know it.

But it is not my present purpose to speak of the poets of an earlier and ruder time. For the subject before us it is enough to set our age in comparison with the era that preceded it. We have but to contrast ourselves with our early Victorian grandfathers to realise the profound revolution that has taken place in public feeling. It is only with an effort that the practical common sense of the twentieth century can realise the exces-

sive sentimentality of the earlier generation.

In those days poetry stood in high and universal esteem. Parents read poetry to their children. Children recited poetry to their parents. And he was a dullard, indeed, who did not at least profess, in his hours of idleness, to pour spontaneous rhythm from his flowing quill.

Should one gather statistics of the enormous production of poetry some sixty or seventy years ago, they would scarcely appear credible. Journals and magazines teemed with it. Editors openly countenanced it. Even the daily press affected it. Love sighed in home-made stanzas. Patriotism rhapsodised on the hustings, or cited rolling hexameters to an enraptured legislature. Even melancholy death courted his everlasting sleep in elegant elegiacs.

In that era, indeed, I know not how, polite society was haunted by the obstinate fiction that it was the duty of a man of parts to express himself from time to time in verse. Any special occasion of expansion or exuberance, of depression, torsion, or introspection, was sufficient to call it forth. So we have poems of dejection, of reflection, of deglutition, of indigestion.

Any particular psychological disturbance was enough to provoke an access of poetry. The character and manner of the verse might vary with the predisposing cause. A gentleman who had dined too freely might disexpand himself in a short fit of lyric doggerel in which "bowl" and "soul" were freely rhymed. The morning's indigestion inspired a long drawn elegiac, with "bier" and "tear," "mortal" and "portal" linked in sonorous sadness. The man of politics, from time to time, grateful to an appreciative country sang back to it—"Ho, Albion, rising from the brine!" in verse whose intention at least was meritorious.

And yet it was but a fiction, a purely fictitious obligation, self-imposed by a sentimental society. In plain truth, poetry

came no more easily or naturally to the early Victorian than to you or me. The lover twanged his obdurate harp in vain for hours for the rhymes that would not come, and the man of politics hammered at his heavy hexameter long indeed before his Albion was finally "hoed" into shape; while the beer-besotted convivialist cudgelled his poor wits cold sober in rhyming the light little bottle-ditty that should have sprung like Aphrodite from the froth of the champagne.

I have before me a pathetic witness of this fact. It is the note-book once used for the random jottings of a gentleman of the period. In it I read: "Fair Lydia, if my earthly harp." This is crossed out, and below it appears: "Fair Lydia, *could* my earthly harp." This again is erased, and under it appears: "Fair *Lydia*, should my earthly harp." This again is struck out with a despairing stroke, and amended to read: "Fair Lydia, *did* my earthly harp." So that finally, when the lines appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* (1845), in their ultimate shape—"Fair Edith, when with fluent pen," etc., etc., one can realise from what a desperate congelation the fluent pen had been so perseveringly rescued.

There can be little doubt of the deleterious effect occasioned both to public and private morals by this deliberate exaltation of mental susceptibility on the part of the early Victorian. In many cases we can detect the evidences of incipient paresis. The undue access of emotion frequently assumed a pathological character. The sight of a daisy, of a withered leaf or an up-turned sod, seemed to disturb the poet's mental equipoise. Spring unnerved him. The lambs distressed him. The flowers made him cry. The daffodils made him laugh. Day dazzled him. Night frightened him.

This exalted mood, combined with the man's culpable ignorance of the plainest principles of physical science, made him see something out of the ordinary in the flight of a waterfowl or the song of a skylark. He complained that he could *hear* it, but not *see* it—a phenomenon too familiar to the scientific observer to occasion any comment.

In such a state of mind the most incon-

sequential inferences were drawn. One said that the brightness of the dawn—a fact easily explained by the diurnal motion of the globe—showed him that his soul was immortal. He asserted further that he had, at an earlier period of his life, trailed bright clouds behind him. This was absurd.

With the disturbance thus set up in the nervous system were coupled, in many instances, mental aberrations, particularly in regard to pecuniary matters. "Give me not silk, nor rich attire," pleaded one poet of the period to the British public, "nor gold nor jewels rare." Here was an evident hallucination that the writer was to become the recipient of an enormous secret subscription. Indeed, the earnest desire *not* to be given gold was a recurrent characteristic of the poetic temperament. The repugnance to accept even a handful of gold was generally accompanied by a desire for a draught of pure water or a night's rest.

It is pleasing to turn from this excessive sentimentality of thought and speech to the practical and concise diction of our time. We have learned to express ourselves with equal force but greater simplicity. To illustrate this I have gathered from the poets of the earlier generation and from the prose writers of to-day parallel passages that may be fairly set in contrast. Here, for example, is a passage from the poet Grey, still familiar to scholars:

"Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honour's voice invoke the silent dust  
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

Precisely similar in thought, though different in form, is the more modern presentation found in Huxley's *Physiology*:

"Whether after the moment of death the ventricles of the heart can be again set in movement by the artificial stimulus of oxygen, it is a question to which we must impose a decided negative."

How much simpler, and yet how far superior to Grey's elaborate phraseology! Huxley has here seized the central point of the poet's thought, and expressed it with the dignity and precision of exact science.

I cannot refrain, even at the risk of

needless iteration, from quoting a further example. It is taken from the poet Burns. The original dialect being written in inverted hiccoughs, is rather difficult to reproduce. It describes the scene attendant upon the return of a cottage labourer to his home on Saturday night:

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face  
They round the ingle form a circle wide;  
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:  
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare:  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion  
glide,  
He wales a portion wi' judecious care."

Now I find almost the same scene described in more apt phraseology in the police news of the *Dumfries Chronicle* (Oct. 3, 1905), thus: "It appears that the prisoner had returned to his domicile at the usual hour, and, after partaking of a hearty meal, had seated himself on his oaken settle, for the *ostensible purpose of*

*reading the Bible*. It was while so occupied that his arrest was effected." With the trifling exception that Burns omits all mention of the arrest, for which, however, the whole tenor of the poem gives ample warrant, the two accounts are almost identical.

In all that I have thus said I do not wish to be misunderstood. Believing, as I firmly do, that the poet is destined to become extinct, I am not one of those who would accelerate his extinction. The time has not yet come for remedial legislation, or the application of the criminal law. Even in obstinate cases where pronounced delusions in reference to plants, animals and natural phenomena are seen to exist, it is better that we should do nothing that might occasion a mistaken remorse. The inevitable natural evolution which is thus shaping the mould of human thought may safely be left to its own course.

## Herbert Spencer's Love-Story



IN the April *Harper's* there is an interesting article on the "Home Life of Herbert Spencer." In it, the love-story of his life is told—a partial explanation of his remaining a bachelor all his life. The story is told by a person who spent eight years under his roof, and is no doubt authentic. It is as follows:

On coming into the dining-room one evening he discovered one of us asleep over a book of his which he had lent us some months before. Highly amused at the soporific effect of his writings and the length of time taken over its perusal, he exclaimed:

"Why, you take as long to read my books as I take to write them!"

"Oh," was the answer, "I don't always finish them! I was reading one of your books the other day, and I saw something you said about love which surprised me so much that I closed the book sharply, and said, 'He knows nothing whatever about it.'"

He was much tickled with this speech, but his laughter died away as the recollection of the past came over him, and then and there he told us, gravely and unimpassionedly, what he knew about love from personal experience. It occurred during his engineering days, when he was about twenty-one.

He was left in charge of the business at the house of his chief, and it so happened that the only member of the family at home was a young niece, who was bright, unconventional and rather pretty. Every morning she used to bring the letters into the office for him, and being alone, and wanting company, she started talking to him. He was attracted by her. In this way, as has often happened before, a "great friendship" sprang up between them, which he said—and it was all he would admit—would "probably have ripened into something deeper" on his side, when suddenly a carefully concealed *fiancée* turned up, and he awoke. The "probable" event must have very nearly taken place, for he told us that even after fifty

years he well remembered the unpleasant feeling he experienced on seeing her hanging on his rival's arm and looking round at him to see what he thought of it.

"She was a horrid flirt!" exclaimed some of us.

"She was nothing of the sort," he quickly retorted, loyal to the memory of his half-acknowledged love of fifty years before. And so staunch and true was he, so simple and straightforward, that he would have no word said against her conduct.

It seemed that he not only felt more deeply than he would admit, but that he still cherished his illusions about her; for after he had told us his one poor little romance he suggested rather sheepishly that he should write to her and propose exchanging photographs. For although he had never seen her since, he knew where he could get her address. Seeing that he was rather bent on it, and wanted to be persuaded, we encouraged him to do it. Indeed, one of us then and there suggested that she should write the letter for him—an offer which he gladly

accepted. It would have been wiser not to have written—to have left the ash of this love-story untouched to the end, like a mummy in its coffin, for the remembrance of the past was still young and fresh in him.

In due time a letter arrived with the photograph of the old lady, which he opened in his own room. But it was evident from his manner when he brought it downstairs that he was disappointed. It was strange if he expected the course of more than half a century to have left any trace of the prettiness and bloom of a girl of twenty, but it was clear that with the opening of that envelope the last of his illusions vanished.

He looked quite sad as he slowly and thoughtfully replaced the photograph in the cover, but as one of us asked, "Why is everybody so interested in love affairs, Mr. Spencer? Is it because they are common to all?" some pale reflection of the old fire shone out once more as he answered, "Yes, that is one reason; but a greater reason is because love is the most interesting thing in life."

## The Robin

BY VIRNA SHEARD

LITTLE brown brother, up in the apple tree,  
High on its blossom-rimmed branches aswing,  
Here where I listen earth-bound, it seems to me  
You are the voice of the Spring.

Herald of Hope to the sad and faint-hearted,  
Piper the gold of the world cannot pay,  
Up from the limbo of things long departed  
Memories you bring me to-day.

You are the echo of songs that are over,  
You are the promise of songs that will come,  
You know the music, oh, light-winged rover,  
Sealed in the souls of the dumb.

All of the past that we wearily sigh for,  
All of the future for which our hearts long,  
All Love would live for, and all Love would die for  
Wordless, you weave in a song.

Little brown brother, up in the apple tree,  
My spirit answers each note that you sing,  
And while I listen—earth-bound—it seems to me  
You are the voice of the Spring.



## Current Events Abroad.

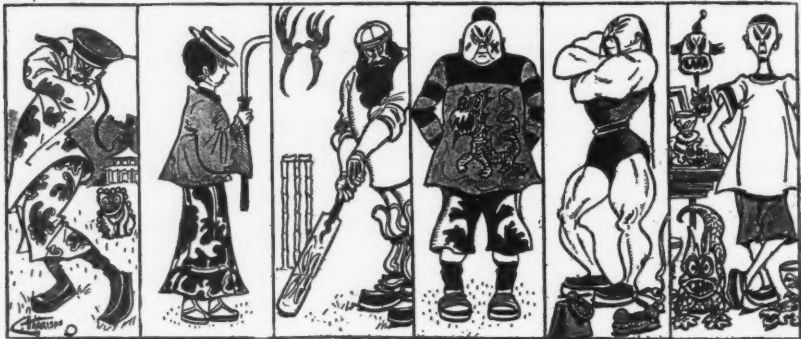
THE new British Government appears to have disappointed some of its best friends early in its career. When one finds all the Labour men and some Liberals voting against it, and such papers as the *Speaker* chiding it, it may fairly be described as having quickly got into trouble. Nor is it in regard to one measure or one action that this criticism arises. The first serious collision was with those supporters of the Government and with the Labour members who are hostile to the maintenance of the army at its present strength, but particularly at its present cost. Mr. Haldane rather blankly refused to accommodate his attitude to this section of opinion with the consequence that on a division on a motion calling for a substantial decrease of the army a number of Liberal and Labour members were found voting against the Government.

This estrangement between the same elements and the Administration was intensified later over the clause of the Labour Disputes Bill brought in by the Attorney-General. It will be remembered that in the Taff Vale case it was decided that an action for damages could lie against a union, and that any mulct inflicted could be recovered from the union funds. The unions have been virtually waiting for the advent of a Liberal Government in order to have the law amended to exempt unions from this liability. The Attorney-General's bill went some distance to meet their views, reducing their liability almost to a vanishing point, but not going as far as a large number of Liberals were pledged to go by their constituents. It is stated that at least 200 supporters of the Government were thus pledged, and that many of them will adhere to their pledges. How the Government will manage to extricate itself remains to be seen.

But the incident which has been of most interest to the colonies was Lord Elgin's intervention in the domestic affairs of Natal. Owing to their resentment at a shilling poll-tax recently imposed on the natives, there has been a good deal of unrest amongst them. A sergeant and some police were endeavouring to enforce payment in a Zulu kraal when a row took place, and the sergeant and one of his constables were killed. The murder caused what looked very like a panic in the colony. The whites in Natal, numbering less than 80,000, are as one to ten. The greater part of them are gathered in the towns. The few, therefore, scattered throughout the country, surrounded by blacks who were known to be disaffected and resentful, took fright when news of the murder of the police was noised abroad. A wild rush was made for the towns, and the Kaffirs and Zulus realised that the proud white man was somewhat badly frightened.

The Government acted with energy. Militia regiments were called out, and the regular army authorities promptly despatched the Cameron Highlanders from Johannesburg to the scene of trouble. A number of natives who were said to be concerned in the murder were seized and tried by court-martial. A dozen of them were sentenced to be shot, seven being acquitted. It would appear that some colonial drew Lord Elgin's attention to the matter by cable, and the Colonial Secretary at once telegraphed the Governor stopping the carrying out of the sentence until he was better informed of the circumstances. There was undoubtedly a good deal of strain in the situation in Natal, and when the Government ascertained what Lord Elgin had done it immediately resigned. Lord Elgin was impelled to retrace his steps and to ask

CHINA'S AWAKENING—A *Punch* view



Ah Miss It, the great Golf Champion.

Miss Wun Lung Wing, President of the Ladies' Chopstick Hockey Club.

Double U Gee, the Cricket Champion.

O Kiki, the famous Halfpenny Backee.

San Dow, much strongee man.

See Me Run, with some of his prizes.

[“A new phase of China's awakening was shown a few weeks ago in the first great athletic meeting in that country.”—*Daily Mail*.]

the Governor to induce the members of the Cabinet to resume their positions. This they did, and the executions were duly carried out. Lord Elgin made Sir Henry McCallum the buffer, saying in his second despatch that if the Governor had kept him informed it would not have been necessary to intervene.

There can be no question that the Colonial Secretary's course was ill-advised. It has been said that if there were a native uprising the Home Government would have to find the troops to suppress it. That would seem to furnish a strong reason for concern on the part of the Home Government in the manner of treating the natives, but it will be seen that a similar reason could be urged for frequent interference in the government of that or any other colony. It must be supposed that the people of the colony are as anxious to avoid exasperating

the natives as the Home Government can be, for the brunt of the attack would first fall upon them, and the evil after effects would long be a handicap to the colony. Their interest in avoiding a native war cannot therefore be questioned, and when it is considered that they ought to be better informed than the home authorities as to how it may best be avoided, there can scarcely be a question about the injudiciousness of intervening. That the colonies entail great responsibilities on

THE ETERNAL FIGHT AGAINST THE SALOON IS STILL PROCEEDING



“THE SALOON'S WORST OFFENCE.”—Jacob Riis

—From the *N.Y. American*

the Imperial authorities cannot be gained, and it is, perhaps, difficult for the Englishman to discover what the countervailing advantages are. He has to look to the future when the development of the colonies will have more than doubled the might and resources of the Empire.

The Algieras conference is, at the time of writing, virtually closed, and it is a matter for rejoicing that it has closed peacefully. On several occasions a stormy juncture was reached, but on the very day that the last word seemed to have been spoken, Mr. Henry White, the United States representative, was able to draft a clause with respect to the police that was acceptable to the chief contending parties. The two main contentions were as to the management of the bank which is to be established for the improvement of the financial administration of Morocco, and as to the administration of the police force intended for the maintenance of order. On the bank issue Germany rather had the better of it, and in regard to the police she succeeded in obtaining what looked like a concession. If she saved her face it was about all she accomplished. In the two things which it is supposed she aimed at, namely, the obtaining of a base for her fleet in the Mediterranean and the discrediting of Great Britain as an ally she has utterly failed. She has secured no port on the Mediterranean, and instead of discrediting the *entente*, she succeeded in proving

A CANADIAN CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF THE SINCERITY OF CANADIAN M.P.'S



THE EXTRA INDEMNITY

ANTI-GRAB M.P.—"Did the Press get my Indignant Protest and Refusal to be a participator in this shameful grab?"

CASHIER—"Yes, Sir."

A.-G. M.P.—"And did they get a good photograph of me indignantly refusing to accept it?"

CASHIER—"Yes, Sir."

A.-G. M.P.—"Good! You can give it to me now!"

—The Star, Montreal.

to the people of the participating nations how strong and substantial the *entente* is. France was left in no doubt that Great Britain was prepared to stand not only steadily, but also boldly and even aggressively, at her side; while the people of Britain recognised in the temperate, firm, unwarlike attitude of the French people and their representatives a sober and solid France which was as far from swagger or hysterics as from panic or fear. The *entente* has come out of the Conference strengthened and sanctioned.

Both countries changed their Governments but not their policies during the progress of the negotiations. France



MAP SHOWING THE EIGHT PORTS ON THE COAST OF MOROCCO  
TO BE POLICED BY FRANCE AND SPAIN

changed not only her Government, but also her ruler. As to Germany, there were some rumours that Von Buelow would retire. This is scarcely likely. It would be tantamount to an admission of a diplomatic defeat. This is the last thing that the Kaiser wants to do. So anxious were the French to save their rivals from chagrin that word was sent around to the French editors to avoid crowing. That the German Chancellor has been under a great strain seems indicated by his physical collapse in the Reichstag. One may well feel some sympathy with the Kaiser in that, though the military master of Europe, he has not been able to pick up any of the unconsidered trifles which have been lying around. He will probably recoup himself handsomely some day when a Holland or a Belgium, or a Turkey are being "adjusted."

The German press never loses an opportunity of discrediting the Monroe doctrine. The reason is obvious enough. The South American programme which the Pan-Germanic propagandists dream about cannot be realised while that doc-

trine is upheld, or has enough strength behind it to secure its enforcement. The German immigration to Brazil continues, and is being promoted by colonisation associations. The Germans preserve their language in their new homes and teach it in schools supported by public money. So much has Portuguese been displaced by German that the natives in those parts of Brazil where the Germans are settling speak German when they do not speak their own tongue. The

ominous bar to this propaganda, however, is the Monroe doctrine. A United States newspaper the other day made the bold guess that while the Germans kept up the idea that the German navy was being strengthened for European uses, what was really aimed at was the future of the sons of the Fatherland in America. The builders of the war vessels in German docks were thinking more of the American navy than of the British navy. Germany has in her favour the law of utility. The resources of South America cannot remain forever undeveloped. The Latin races have failed as colonisers. The interests of the world demand that the sceptre of these lands shall pass into the hands of some more energetic race.

The Russian elections have resulted most satisfactorily for all who hate reaction on the one hand and anarchy on the other. The moderate party appears to have won all along the line, and we may hope to see Russia enter slowly and securely on the path of constitutionalism and the restoration of order.

John A. Ewan

# WOMAN'S SPHERE



MAY comes, day comes,  
One who was away comes;  
All the earth is glad again,  
Kind and fair to me.

May comes, day comes,  
One who was away comes;  
Set his place at hearth and board  
As they used to be.

May comes, day comes,  
One who was away comes;  
Higher are the hills of home,  
Bluer is the sea.

—Bliss Carman

## THE TERRY JUBILEE

THE announcement that the new English paper, the *Tribune*, has taken the initiative in the celebration of Ellen Terry's jubilee is not altogether agreeable to those who cannot believe in anything but eternal youth for the great actress. However, facts and figures must occasionally be faced, and those who occupy the throne, as well as those who hold the stage, are reminded of anniversaries by an ever vigilant press. On the 28th of April, 1856, Ellen Terry, then a graceful little girl eight years of age, appeared upon the stage of the Princess Theatre in a performance of "The Winter's Tale," under the management of Charles Kean. From him she learned the elements of histrionic art, and before long it was seen that the pupil would win triumphs never achieved by the master.

In 1867, Miss Terry was first associated with Henry Irving, but it was under the Bancrofts, in 1875, acting the part of *Portia*, that she made her first great impression on London. In 1878 she began her long career with Irving at the Lyceum, which "forms the brightest period of British dramatic art in the nineteenth

century." Theirs was an ideal artistic sympathy, and no one who saw Irving and Terry could forget the double magnetism of two such interpreters of the greatest English plays. Terry's *Portia* is as memorable as Sir Henry's *Shylock*, and it may be many a season before we shall hear such a voice, a "golden miracle," repeating the inspired phrases of the "Mercy Speech." It has been sullied by school-boy oration, spouted by tenth-rate elocutionists, and recited with dreary twang by youthful clergymen of all denominations. But to those who heard it from the lips of Ellen Terry, it was a revelation of the soul of Shakespeare, an experience of the highest in histrionic art.

An editorial writer in the London *Daily Mail* does mere justice to her gifts in the following paragraph: "The distinctive features of her brilliant career have been her versatility and the refinement and simplicity of her acting. She possesses that rarest and highest art which attains perfect naturalness and hides all appearance of effort. Whether in comic or tragic parts, she has been equally great and equally convincing. Other actresses of our time may have displayed greater dramatic emphasis; none has more exactly reproduced the action of human beings under all conditions. She has never exaggerated and never yielded to that excess which the Greeks reprobated. Her art from start to finish has been marked and distinguished by the observance of the golden mean. No one who has watched her upon the stage can be blind to the singular charm and directness of her impersonation, to the womanliness of her bearing, to the grace and dignity of her actions and attitudes. That her triumphs





#### FIFTY YEARS A QUEEN

*Punch* brings Shakespeare back to pay a tribute to Miss Ellen Terry who on April 28th will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage.

have been so many is one more proof that the British and American public are not such Philistines in matters of art as they are sometimes represented."

There is little doubt that the recognition of her jubilee will take a national, even an international form. The basis of the testimonial shall be a shilling fund, in order that the humblest of Miss Terry's admirers may become contributors. It is interesting to learn that the honorary secretary of the executive committee is Captain Harry Graham, who made many friends in Canada, where he acted for some time as Lord Minto's *aide-de-camp*, and whose talent in amateur theatricals, and as writer of witty verse, is widely recognised.

A glance at the record of those brilliant years at the Lyceum brings home to us

the present poverty of dramatic productions, making us realise the justice of William Winter's fierce outburst two years ago, when he declared: "Three-cornered girls, proclaimed as 'actresses,' rasp the welkin with voices that rival the screech of the peacock. . . . The plays of the hour are mostly furnished by writers who manifest the brain of the rabbit combined with the dignity of the wet hen." These are indeed the dark days of the drama, when cheap vaudeville is strong in the land, and George Bernard Shaw bobs up unserenely to tell us that Shakespeare wrote poor stuff. Wherefore, in grateful recognition of one who is in every word and gesture a great artist, and whose like we may not see again, it is to be hoped that a host of contributors to the Terry testimonial will show that appreciation is not a lost art.

#### THE SPRING COLONISTS

THERE is a certain buoyancy, such as we have never experienced before, in the Canadian atmosphere in these days. We have heard again and again during the last two years that this is to be "Canada's century," and that fortune has turned upon us a smile as broad as our wide Dominion. Certainly, the crowded colonist trains going out to the West look as if that were to be no longer a lone land. Many Ontario people have set out for Alberta and Saskatchewan this spring, but during the last two weeks most of the western-bound settlers have been from the British Isles. Regarding these newcomers a few words might be said, even if they prove a repetition of a former plea. The homesickness of the immigrant must be a desolating experience, and sometimes we native Canadians are too impatient with the Scot or the Englishman, or the Irishman, who does not

all at once find the St. Lawrence or the Saskatchewan much finer streams than the Thames, the Tweed, or the Shannon. We are people who go to and fro a great deal, and have few associations with the house where we were born. Most of these immigrants have been, like MacLaren's "Burnbrae," rooted in the soil, and it has been a sore trial to leave the old land, even if hard times befel them there, and though they may be looking to golden harvests in the new.

A Winnipeg paper, giving some advice to the newly-arrived English immigrants, tells them to learn the vocabulary of the man on the street. There follows a list of "don't's," some of which are timely, while there are others which the Englishman had better ignore. The adviser says: "Don't say 'gum' for mucilage—they will think it's chewing gum you want." That is a sensible warning with a certain commercial advantage. But when he remarks: "Don't say 'of course' for sure," any Canadian who has the slightest regard for the proprieties of speech indulges in a protesting shiver. If there is an ejaculation which is the hall-mark of the undiscerning and the vulgar, it is the assertive "sure!" Why the Winnipegger should make such haste to adopt Yankee colloquialisms we do not understand. It is this tendency to obvious common-place which led the Bostonian writer to exclaim: "It seems that the mission of America is to vulgarise the world." In that connection "America" means Canada also. It is true that Winnipeg has suffered many things because of the inefficient Englishman, the "remittance man," who can do nothing, who will do nothing, and who ends in suicide, leaving many mourning creditors. But there is no reason why the decent, hard-working English immigrant should be asked to drop the words "shop" and "tram" for their Yankee equivalents.

There is a highly useful word of counsel in the warning: "Don't, oh don't say 'Ammersmith is better than Winnipeg.'" The immigrant who grumbles because he doesn't find cathedrals in Canada, and who is constantly rubbing in the way they do things "at 'ome," is justly disliked. But most of the newcomers this



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH

Now appearing in the St. James, London, with [Mr. George Alexander, in Mr. Pinero's new play *His House in Order*

year are a desirable class of settlers, who are anxious to learn the ways of a new land, and whose first strangeness should not meet with impatience and misunderstanding. Our fathers or grandfathers were once "just out" from England, Ireland or Scotland, and all that can be done by a friendly word and a readiness to "oblige a stranger," should be offered by Canadians to the people who are to hold our western lands.

#### A WIFE FOR THE WEST

SEVERAL months ago there was a paragraph in this department about "The Brides of March," in which reference was made to the announcement in a British paper that the Salvation Army was sending out young women as wives for the lonely bachelors of our prairie country. The British journal stated that there were ten thousand young Cana-

dians who desired to exchange "The Reveries of a Bachelor" for "The Ravings of a Benedict"—or something to that effect. Our comment said, among other things: "Ten thousand young men without wives form a pathetic band, and one really wonders where they are." It seems that an English paper copied that sentence and several others with the somewhat startling result that there came to this office a letter from a Staffordshire maiden saying modestly: "Would one (prairie bachelor) care to correspond with English girl age 22 or exchange picture postcards state age height occupation enclose photo etc." It may be seen from the foregoing extract that the English girl knows little of the gentle art of punctuation—but what do commas matter if she knows how to cook? Semicolons are a mere detail, but can she—oh, can she make a fluffy omelette and a tempting loaf of bread? The English girl gives her post-office address, but as THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is not a matrimonial agency, and does not wish to get into the hot water that sooner or later deluges the match-maker, the suggestion is merely made to the Staffordshire maiden that there are advertising columns in the Winnipeg and Regina papers.

#### THE DECAY OF SELF-CONTROL

IT is a great pity that the Canadian public is so addicted to the cheap magazine. There are welcome signs that the good British reviews are once more to become generally read by the Canadian people, and to that end may the British postal authorities awake and reform their rates! One of the most interesting London publications is the *Monthly Review*, published in London by the old firm of Murray, in Canada by Morang & Company. Among the most sprightly contributors is Mr. Basil Tozer, whose essays are always stimulating and frequently informing. Some months ago he wrote on

"The Decay of Self-Control," in connection with which subject he said some alarming things about the modern British spirit, and made some comforting remarks about British women:

"In connection with this it is interesting to note that women, taken as a body, have of late years been developing greater power of self-restraint, and that intellectually—I quote the views expressed by men who have had exceptional opportunities of forming a just opinion—they have shown signs of possessing mental attributes hitherto unsuspected in the sex. This psychological development, however, would appear to have confined itself almost wholly to the section of the female population that has to make its way in the world. A well-known philanthropist of great wealth, who spends much of his time in moving unostentatiously and unrecognised among all sorts and conditions of men and women with a view to finding out for himself where money can be spent to the best advantage for the benefit of the multitude, believes implicitly that whereas a great proportion of the male population of every class is gradually drifting more and more into the habit of making self-gratification the be-all and end-all of existence, women, that is to say, women of average intelligence, whose ranks he declares to be steadily augmenting, are rapidly getting a more comprehensive grip of affairs, and coming to see more and more clearly what the nation lacks as a nation, and how its deficiencies can best be supplied."

Granting that Mr. Tozer's informant is correct, the outlook is still unpleasant, for a nation's self-control cannot depend on the women alone. It is the old story that Tennyson told us in the "Princess" half a century ago:

"The woman's cause is man's,  
They rise or sink together,  
Dwarfed or God-like, bond or free."

Jean Graham



# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

## NEW TOWN SITES

LIKE Topsy in the play, the towns of Canada have had neither father nor mother, they have just "grown." Some of the newer town and village sites in the West have been platted according to design, and consequently have regular streets and square blocks. On the whole, nevertheless, it must be said that Canada knows nothing of the systematic and scientific making of a town-site. Nearly everything in this crude country is haphazard and without a scientific basis. Canada has been developed by ignorant, hard-working people, and its appearance is exactly what might have been expected. It is only fair to say that it is no worse than the other countries of America.

Several years ago, the Ontario Government, in providing for the construction of a government railway from the town of North Bay, on the C.P.R., to a point on James Bay, reserved the right to handle the town-sites. Presumably, the idea was to prevent the speculator from making excessive profits out of the permanent settler. The plan was excellent, and deserves every commendation. It marked a great step in advance.

It is now proposed by the *Toronto Globe* that the principle shall be extended to all town-sites along the Grand Trunk Pacific and its branches, and along all railways yet to be built in Northern Ontario. By such enterprise, the Government would get an increased price for such of the Crown lands as may be required for urban uses, while the residents of the new towns will not be unnecessarily mulcted.

There are other advantages in such a system. In the first place, a special commissioner could be placed in charge, and the platting of the town-sites could be made on a scientific basis. For example,

a quarter section of land, 160 acres, will plot uniformly into 64 blocks, 264 feet square, with streets 66 feet wide surrounding each block. These blocks will subdivide into 12 lots, 44 by 132 feet, or 16 lots, 33 by 132 feet without alleys. In the centre, or business portion, this may be varied by making the lots 44 by 150 feet, with alleys 16 feet wide in the rear, making nine lots in a block 300 by 396 feet.\* This is the simplest form of town-site. If there is a prospect of a large town, it may be advisable to have one or two main streets much wider. This is expensive, as the experience of Winnipeg has shown, but it has ultimate advantages.

Then again, there must be a certain grade in the town. Where filling in or cutting down is likely to be required, the bordering lots should be held back until these improvements have been made. The grade should be determined by a skilled civil engineer, and should bear a relationship to a possible water and sewage system. Moreover, there is an artistic side to be considered. There should be symmetry, uniformity and beauty, such as is now being worked out at Ottawa by a commission, and as is being suggested in Toronto by the Guild of Civic Art.

The river, or water front, is an important consideration. Vancouver has found some of her leading streets cut off from the water-front by too great generosity to the Canadian Pacific Railway. The water-front should be entirely in the control of the city, and no portion of it should be alienated. Toronto has lost part of her water-front by the encroachment of railways, and is now acquiring another part at a considerable expenditure. The water-front of every town should be made attractive and beautiful, while recognising the commercial necessities of all con-

\*Civics, by Francis Sherman, p. 84.



H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

Who has just visited Canada on his way home from Japan

cerned. All these purposes may be inexpensively served by foresight on the part of the land department of the province concerned.

The subject is one which is interesting to the other provinces, as well as to Ontario. Hundreds of new towns will be platted in Quebec, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, during the next year or two. Each provincial government should lay down some general principles in a Town-site Act, and provide for some scientific oversight and direction. In this way, the revenues of each province will be generously augmented, and the best interests of thousands of future town-dwellers will be served. If everything in this connection be left to chance and the town-site speculator, the interests of the few will lay a grievous burden on the general prosperity. The Dominion Government, as owner of the Crown lands in the West, has a duty in this connection which requires immediate action.

#### PROVINCIAL UNIVERSITIES

THERE are a number of lessons for the other provinces in the recent report of the Royal Commission on the University of Toronto. This institution is the creature of the State, and up to the present time the appointments have been in the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council—practically, the cabinet. This has not worked well. Political appointments were not of the best, and dismissals were unknown. The president was without either power, and consequently impotent to effect reform.

The Commission recommends that the power of appointment and dismissal shall rest in a Board of Fifteen Governors, appointed by the Government for six years. The president, however, is to have the initiative by recommendation. This makes the president responsible for the efficiency of his staff, subject only to the approval of the Board of Governors. The public will now know where to place the responsibility.

This plan is part of the great movement now proceeding for taking the power over permanent appointments out of the hands of political bodies, and placing them on the basis of merit and qualification. No provincial cabinet, dependent for its life on political support and subject to every kind of political influence, can be expected to make appointments with the same disregard of personal influence as an independent Board of Governors.

Among the other suggestions of the Commission, are recommendations that the School of Practical Science shall be united with the University as its Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering; that University College shall continue as now constituted, with a principal, faculty council, and registrar of its own; that the University shall provide for more of the chairs required in the Faculty of Medicine; that women shall be admitted to medical training; that a Faculty of Law shall be established, and arrangements made with the Law Society for that purpose; that there should be a School of Forestry, with a staff sufficient to cover both lectures and field work; that there be a Household Science department with separate building; that there shall be an art school in the near



future; that there might be a school of music; that the Agricultural College shall remain affiliated with the University; that a state veterinary college be established, and that there shall be a department of pedagogy.

It will be noticed that the Commission has not recommended a Kindergarten. The omission was probably unintentional. It seems a shame that such a comprehensive series of recommendations should not have been rounded out by such an institution where weary professors and overworked students might go to get relaxation and entertainment. It was thought, perhaps, that the botanical garden—note the qualifying adjective—would serve this purpose, but they forgot that during most of the College season the ravine is full of dead leaves and snow.

Seriously, though, the Commission's report is excellent, in spite of their too evident desire not to tread on the toes of any person or any class. Every graduate of a Canadian college would do well to peruse the sixty pages of this well-written document.

#### HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER

ONTARIO has two sensations just now, the new silver-mining camp at Cobalt, and the agitation over Niagara Falls power. Regarding the latter, the people have suddenly awakened to a realisation that the greatest asset of the province has been almost given away, and that a few capitalists would like to collect an annual toll of several million dollars from the people.

The following charters have been granted for the development of power on the Canadian side of the Falls, with the water requirements of each:

#### ONTARIO GRANT.

	Cubic feet per second
Can. Niagara Power Co.....	8,600
Ontario Power Co.....	11,700
Electrical Development Co.....	10,750
	31,050

#### DOMINION GRANT.

Niagara-Welland Power Co., unlimited.

Jordan Light, Heat and Power Co., unlimited.

Erie Ontario Power Co., unlimited.

On the American side, nine companies have been chartered, of which three are developing power. These require 32,800 cubic feet per second, as compared with the 31,050 feet required for the three Canadian companies now operating or about to operate. When all these works are complete, the volume of water going over the Falls will be 23 per cent. less than at present. Therefore, from a scenic point of view, it is almost time to call a halt, and this has been impressed on the Governments of Canada and the United States.

Ontario's excitement, however, is not so much over the destruction of the scenic beauty of the Falls as over the possibility of the holders of these franchises asking



M. FALLIÈRES

Président de la République, elected  
January 17th, 1906

exorbitant prices. On April 11th, a monster deputation representing many municipalities of Western Ontario waited on the Ontario Government and virtually demanded "Cheap Power." It has been shown that power can be generated at Niagara and delivered in Hamilton, Toronto, Brantford, Guelph and London at about \$20 per horse-power. The companies propose to charge from \$35 to \$60. Hence, the people interested in manufacturing and lighting are up in arms.

The lesson for the rest of Canada would seem to be: government control of all water-powers. The monopolists of Montreal buy electric power, brought eighty miles from Shawinigan at \$15 per horse-power, and sell it at about four times that price. The monopolists of Toronto propose to do the same. The monopolists of the other provinces are not likely to be less lenient than in Toronto and Montreal, hence the people must be on their guard. The only way, apparently, to prevent extortion is government operation or control. This, of course, has its dangers, but as time goes on these dangers will be minimised. It is a pity that capitalists could not be reasonable and just and such agitations as this be avoided.

It is becoming clearer day by day that hydro-electric energy is to be the great motive power of the next half-century, and likely to displace coal wherever it is easily available. Consequently both governments and people must carefully watch all legislation aiming at the control of any supply. Port Arthur, Orillia and other places have shown that municipally produced power can be sold as low as \$15 per horse-power, as compared with steam-power at \$30 a horse-power. Whenever this is possible, industries will be attracted and the expansion of a community assured. In Canada coal must always remain a very costly fuel, hence the greater need for safeguarding the control of its substitute.

The problem is by no means confined to the part of Ontario around Niagara Falls. It is general in Canada, because water powers exist everywhere. The verdict of the two commissions which

have just reported in Ontario should be closely scanned by the publicists and manufacturers of the other provinces.

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#### THE GENERAL FATHER

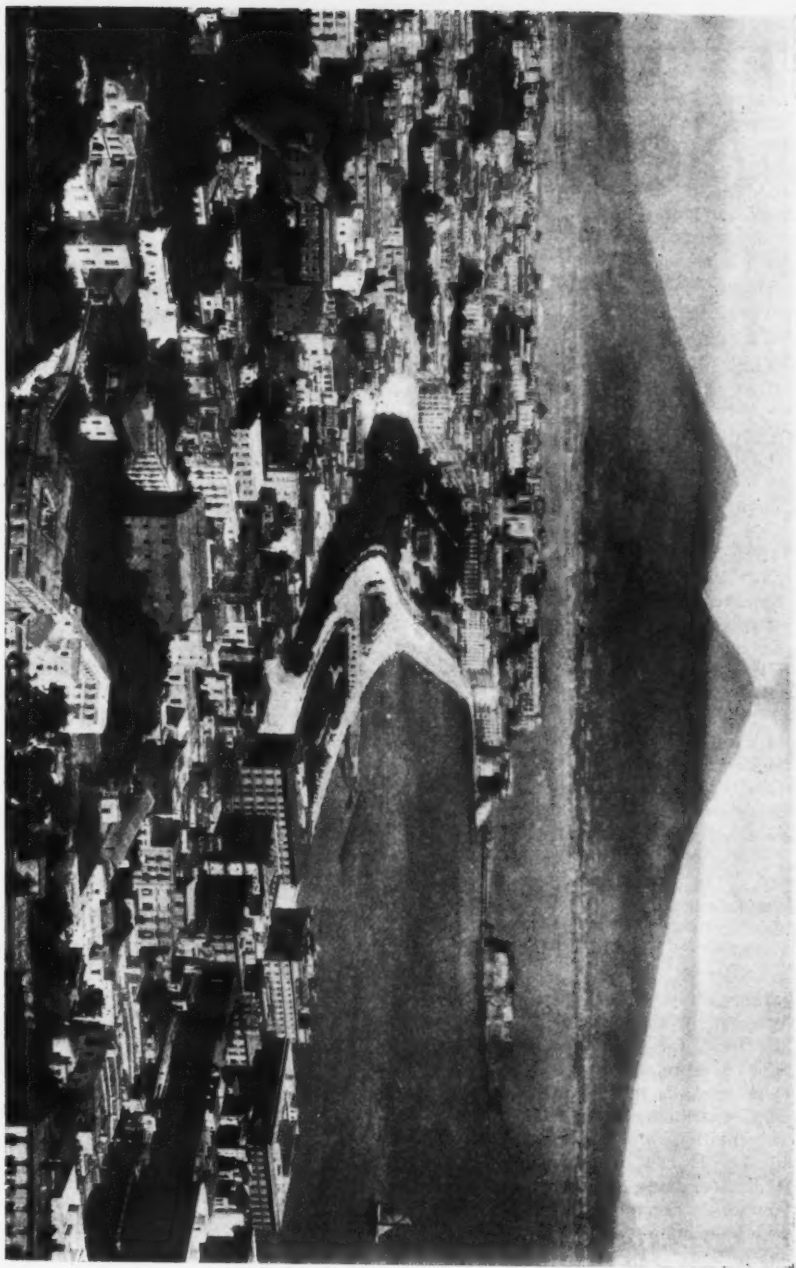
ANDREW CARNEGIE is working hard. Not content with having built up a steel industry which robbed the United States and Canada of millions of dollars by unjust profits, he continues his mad career. He hands out charity to people who need no charity, and thus debauches them—he gives library buildings to towns and cities that do not need them, or that should provide them for themselves if they do need them. I am quite convinced that Carnegie libraries will not be the blessing that many people expect. The people do not require more reading; they require less. All reading and no thinking makes people empty-headed. It is thought which develops, and reading is only useful where it assists thinking.

His latest mad project is to reform the spelling of English words. Here again he is trying to interfere with natural development. Spelling reform will come in good time, and there is no necessity for rush. Some good will be accomplished no doubt, but the result of the hurry will be more or less temporary chaos.

It seems strange that if Mr. Carnegie is so anxious about the public welfare that he has not done something towards the economic betterment of the masses. Ten million people in Great Britain and ten million people in the United States are on the verge of starvation. Twenty millions of Anglo-Saxons paupers! And yet the number of millionaires increases daily.

It is strange how the great reformers shun economic reform. They seem to believe in slums, over-crowded tenements, homeless working people, poverty and general distress. The people ask for bread, and Andrew Carnegie offers them books and spelling reform. Nor is Mr. Carnegie the only great failure as a philanthropist.

*John A. Cooper*



THE CITY AND BAY OF NAPLES, WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE

# About New Books.



## LITERATURE

"THE attitude of the modern mind towards letters may be expressed as one of unconcern," says Professor Theodore W. Hunt, in his new volume entitled "Literature,"\* and one cannot but agree. So many people read books without any standard by which they may judge what is and what is not literature; and so many there are who seldom think of literature as a permanent influence in men's lives. There never was a time when there was more writing, more books being printed. Quality is being lost sight of in the pursuit of quantity. It is questionable if one in ten of modern books is literature. What is the test by which writing may be distinguished from literature?

The supplying of this test is the aim of Professor Hunt's most valuable book. His chapter on "The Mission of Literature" is especially good. He divides this mission into four parts: (1) The conception, embodiment and interpretation of some great idea or principle. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is a modern example, since it contains the great ideas of God and the universe, and of all the larger problems of life. (2) The correct interpretation of the spirit of the age. The writers of the Elizabethan age succeeded in catching and embodying the spirit of the time, therefore their greatness. (3) The interpretation of human nature to itself and to the world. Dickens is a good example of this feature. (4) The presentation and enforcement of high ideals. Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Milton embody this feature. The voluminous writer of to-day cannot possibly retain the highest ideals. He becomes local

\*"Literature: Its Principles and Problems," by Theodore W. Hunt, Professor of English in Princeton University. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

or national, loses his cosmopolitanism and the generality which underlies all literature of the higher type.

In the first part of his volume, Prof. Hunt deals with the scope of literature, its relation to philosophy, politics, language, life, ethics and the arts. In the second part he takes up the more technical side of his subject, and treats of the genesis and growth of literary forms, primary types in prose and poetry, the more advanced forms of poetry and poetics and prose fiction. His closing chapter on "The Place of Literature in Liberal Education" is opportune, because too often its educational value is overlooked in this material age. It is not instruction or information merely, but inspiration. It may not assist directly in making a man a money-earner as other studies, but it is essential in the production of thinkers, of great citizens, of leaders in thought. Moreover, a study of literature must be carefully distinguished from the study of linguistics, the examination of technical forms of words and sentences.

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## FROUDE vs. FREEMAN

ONE of the interesting literary episodes of the last half century is in its last act. Freeman, Regius Professor of History in Oxford, author of several notable books, undertook to show the world that his fellow-historian, Froude, was inaccurate and unreliable, that his story of the Tudors was written with indecent haste and without due investigation. The result was that Freeman's reputation soared and Froude's dwindled. Froude had abandoned the modern Anglican Church and wrote in defence of Henry VIII and Cromwell, of Luther, Knox and Murray. The high churchmen hate the memory of Henry VIII, and consequently they were not pleased with Froude's de-

fence of him. Freeman's attack was welcomed as a defence of themselves.

Now, Herbert Paul, in a biography of Froude, tells us that the attack had no real justification, and was merely the result of personal spite. He consulted Freeman's copy of Froude's "History," now in the library of Owens College, Manchester, and there found his evidence. On the margins of the books Freeman had scribbled some notes, and among them are these comments: "A lie," "Beast," "May I live to embowel James Anthony Froude," "Froude is certainly the vilest brute that ever wrote a book." This is a great discovery; it tarnishes the memory of Freeman, and clears, to some extent, the memory of Froude. It enables justice to be done.

The whole story is worth reading again, and it may be found in Mr. Paul's "Life of Froude," or in an article in the February *Monthly Review*. It is not pleasant to know that so great a man as Freeman could have fallen so low as to allow his personal spite to run away with his judgment. It is best, however, that the public should be aware of the shameful efforts that have been made to make Froude's work unpopular.



#### IF YOUTH BUT KNEW

ELINOR SWEETMAN'S line, "If Youth but Knew," has been taken as the title of a new novel by Agnes and Egerton Castle, authors of "The Pride of Jennico," "French Nan," etc. It is a story of Westphalia, when that kingdom was misruled by "Little Brother Jerome," whom Napoleon placed in a position of temporary authority. To label it an historical novel would not be unfitting, yet it would be somewhat unjust. That title has come into general use to bolster up much that is merely trash. The historical setting in this case is excellently done, and will apparently bear close inspection. The story itself is novel—the weird, fantastic fiddler is a character that is worth creating, and his philosophy of life is one that can be recommended as nobility itself. The young Austrian count who marries a German heiress, and is parted

from her an hour after the marriage, is a hero who will appeal to British minds. Though Austrian, he is English by education, and through his mother has all the faults and strength of a typical Englishman, coupled with the pride of the Austrian nobleman. His adventures in Westphalia are sufficiently exciting to please the admirers of the "Prisoner of Zenda" or "The Adventures of Brigadier Gerard." There is much less wanton blood-letting and swash-buckling, but there is no lack of thrilling incident. It is a finer poem of life than either of these works, and as such it reflects greater credit upon its authors. Nevertheless, it is not a book for children, and can only be understood and appreciated by those who have seen civilisation in its most aggravated forms and have realised the meannesses of motive that occasionally prevail amid wealth, social distinction and power.



#### AN INDUSTRIAL NOVEL

MRS. KEAYS, the Canadian novelist, has issued a new book which has aroused considerable attention and received both praise and censure. The *Literary Digest* contains the following summary of the plot:

In "The Work of Our Hands," H. E. Mitchell Keays, with large outlook and wide sweep, shows a strange working out of destiny. Albeit her characters are only society and working folk of an everyday manufacturing city, she so swings the particular into the universal, so snatches the significant from the irrelevant, that we realise with new pity and terror that tragedy stalks in the frivolous and fleeting life about us.

Christie Bronsart, the strong man who dominates the story, always gets his own way. He might be a composite of two or three of our great modern oligarchs of finance. He has a strain of the silk-soft artistic temperament; he is a connoisseur in emotions, a trafficker in sensations. He has also a streak of the blue-steel business temperament; he can drive a rival out of business into beggary, and then make terms with his conscience by running a fashionable church.

His dreams have all come true. He has wealth, position, a brilliant son and daughter, a beautiful and accomplished daughter-in-law. And this young woman, by the way, is the last and fondest treasure—an only and beloved daughter—swept from an honourable rival whose bankruptcy, compassed by the



unscrupulous Bronsart, has been the firm foundation of that financier's fortune.

Yet this very affluence, this loading of his own family with luxury, proves Bronsart's final undoing. The lovely daughter-in-law, from whom knowledge of the shameful mistreatment of her father has been kept by the latter himself, finally learns of the iniquity that robbed him, and hastened her mother's death. The blood of the Covenanters in her veins has long been rebelling at the dawdling Vanity Fair of her life. She breaks with her husband, and torn by her scorn, and in the hope of regaining her love, he, too, leaves his luxurious life to try to learn something of the life of those toilers ever in the mind of his absent wife. In his quest he is mangled and brought to death's door by an accident in one of the factories that have built up the Bronsart wealth. To add to the sorrows of the house, Bronsart's daughter, a wilful, wayward, selfish girl, finding her affection scorned by a young John the Baptist, to whom she is only a shell of humanity, hating the burden of her riches, knowing nothing of the solace of working for others, turns to enter a nunnery, leaving her father humiliated by his daughter's unrequited love and crushed by her living burial.

So, his home a wreck, his name fated to die out, his riches an incubus, Christie Bronsart, who has had his own way to the uttermost, is thwarted through the blood and teaching of the man he has most injured, and is defeated by the ideals he has defied.



#### NOTES

Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, of Edinburgh and London, announce a book for young men which is sure to awaken the interest of many people in this country. The author is the Rev. Albert G. Mackinnon, whose father was a minister in Hopewell, Nova Scotia, and Georgetown, Prince Edward Island, and whose brother, the Rev. Clarence Mackinnon, is well known throughout the Dominion. Mr. Mackinnon is minister of the United Free Church, Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, and his Sabbath Evening Lectures are regularly published in the local paper. The volume is written in the language of to-day. The title is "Spiritually Fit: A Young Man's Equipment."

William Briggs has now in course of issue a capital story entitled "Sheila's Daughter," by Haile Baxter, for which Mr. John Innes is preparing a series of illustrations.

There has been unexpected delay in the publication of Dr. Fitchett's "Wesley and His Century." It will be interesting to find how a personality so striking and picturesque as that of John Wesley will be treated by the pen that gave us such delightful books as "Nelson and His Captains," "How England Saved Europe," "Deeds that Won the Empire." William Briggs will publish it at once.

Every Canadian public library looking for a fresh supply of cheap fiction with which to continue to weaken the minds of their customers, will find "Giant Circumstance," by John Oxenham, a splendid acquisition. This author recalls to the reviewer's mind that drinking song, and this particular topic:

And he rambled, he rambled,  
He rambled all around,  
All about the town.  
And he rambled, he rambled,  
He rambled till the Butcher cut him down.

There are a lot of John Oxenham's rambling in modern fiction, but the Butcher is very slow. However, this cheap fiction keeps the printers busy and helps to use up the Education Department's annual grant.

The Second Annual Edition of the Commercial Handbook of Canada has just been published. It contains an encyclopædia of commercial information, including customs tariff; regulations, invoice forms, etc.; commercial laws, mining laws, laws on patents, copyright, trademarks, etc.; regulations affecting foreign corporations, also a board of trade register containing invaluable information regarding industrial and other opportunities offered by municipalities in Canada.

The Rev. Charles W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, known to the reading public as Ralph Connor, has just received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from his Alma Mater, Knox College, Toronto. It is an interesting fact that the hood used in conferring the degree is the one used in conferring the first D.D. degree from Knox College, fifty years ago, upon the late Dr. J. M. King, whose daughter is the wife of Mr. Gordon.



# Idle Moments.

## ENGLISH HUMOUR IN CANADA

THE manner in which the ordinary English immigrant makes himself at home as soon as he touches Canada is cause for constant surprise among railway officials. He never appears to be concerned or awed by his new surroundings, says the *Montreal Herald*, as the following incident, which occurred yesterday morning at the Windsor station, well illustrates:

It was just before the Pacific express left for the west. Three immigrants, arrayed in the customary cloth caps and leather leggings so much affected by those of their class, were taking a last look around before their train pulled out. A gentleman standing by had his attention attracted to the immigrants and, turning to his companion, said:

"Say, George, aren't those gaiters these fellows are wearing just the proper caper for hunting? By golly, I wouldn't mind getting a pair of them. They would just about suit me to perfection."

"Well, why don't you ask them if they wouldn't be willing to sell you a pair. It's pretty nearly time for them to shed the things anyway, and I dare say they wouldn't mind parting with a pair, for a consideration," replied George.

"Holy smoke, no!" said the first speaker. "I haven't got the nerve to ask 'em."

"Haven't the nerve, eh? Well, I don't mind tackling one of them. How much are you willing to pay?"

"Oh, about two or three dollars."

"All right. Just watch me get you the leggings."

With this parting instruction, the last speaker walked up to one of the new arrivals and made him acquainted with his errand.

"Wot?" said the Englishman. "You s'y you want to buy me bally ol' leggings, eh? D'ye hear that, Bill? 'Ere's a cove as wants to buy me bleedin' leggings."

Well, blawst me if I don't sell 'em to you! But, look'ee 'ere, w'y the dickens cawn't you get 'em w'ere I got min'?"

"Where was that?" asked George, thinking that he would be given an address somewhere near Piccadilly.

"W'y," answered the immigrant, amid the guffaws of his companions, "I just walked down the street and bought a bloomin' bologna sausage, an' I peeled it an' put the bleedin' skins around me legs."

"All aboard!" sang the conductor.

And George was left to ruminate over the manner in which he might get a pair of gaiters for his more bashful companion.

## ARE WE GOLD MINES?

THE hitherto silent revolt against surgeons' fees appears to be acquiring voice. There is a general feeling that these gentlemen profit unduly by their victim's fears—and gratitude. The pa-



The First Violin.—Life



MISTRESS (after many remonstrances on unpunctuality), "Really, Mary, you must try to be more punctual about serving the meals. When they are late, your Master blames me."

MARY. "Ah, well, Mum, of course I can go, but you're a prisoner for life.—Punch.

tient certainly takes all the risks. That the service rendered may mean life to the patient is a poor excuse for robbers' tribute. An overcoat on a cold day is also a life saver, and with no risk to the patient. But if the tailor, for that reason, should demand a thousand dollars for the garment, we should resent it.

We are told, in a recent editorial in the *New York Globe*:

"Dr. Doyle may get \$500 for a story which it takes him four or five hours to write. Dr. Morris receives \$1,000 for the extirpation of an appendix, completed in twelve minutes—twice as much earned in a twentieth the time. Furthermore, if we may trust Dr. Morris's prophetic powers, the time is approaching when \$5,000 will not be considered exorbitant pay for such a feat."

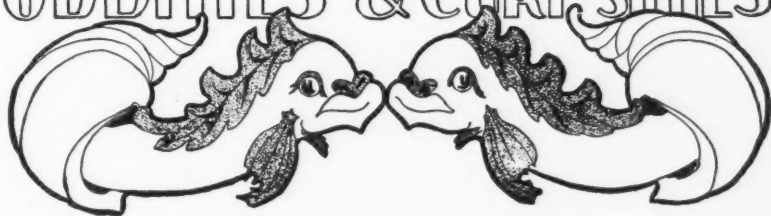
But why does not Dr. Morris charge \$5,000 to-day? Why wait? If that operation is worth \$5,000 to-morrow, it is

worth it to-day. And why stop at \$5,000? Why not make it \$10,000?—or a million? Talk about plumbers!—*Life*.

#### WILLING TO RETIRE

A CERTAIN prosy preacher recently gave an endless discourse on the prophets. First he dwelt at length on the minor prophets. At last he finished them, and the congregation gave a sigh of relief. He took a long breath, and continued: "Now I shall proceed to the major prophets." After the major prophets had received more than ample attention, the congregation gave another sigh of relief. "Now that I have finished with the minor prophets and the major prophets, what about Jeremiah? Where is Jeremiah's place?" At this point a tall man arose in the back of the church. "Jeremiah can have my place," he said, "I'm going home."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



## THE MONTAGNAIS INDIANS AS CANOE MAKERS

THE Montagnais Indians inhabitants of the Lower St. Lawrence, use the canvas covered canoe almost altogether. These canoes last them for about a year. Not that the canoe is by any means too old for use by that lapse of time, but merely that the civilised Indian of to-day prefers to make a new canoe each year, and save himself the trouble of hauling his old one out of the woods in the spring.

These Indians go to the forest for their winter's hunt in September, canoeing up the rivers and portaging across to the large lakes, where they pitch their tents, and wait for the snow to fall. The canoes are covered with boughs and left by the shores of the lake. When there is enough



DRYING THE FRAME IN THE SUN

snow to travel comfortably on snowshoes, they proceed on to their hunting grounds, where they hunt and trap all winter, coming out to the Hudson Bay Co.'s settlements in April, or when the ice on the rivers begins to break up.

There are only a few Indians of each tribe who can make a really good canoe, so they are commissioned by the other Indians to make their canoes for them. In exchange they receive their worth in pelts. These canoes are valued at from thirty to forty dollars. In making a canvas-covered canoe, after having decided upon its dimensions, the first work is to prepare the wood for the sheathing and timbers. Where cedar can be obtained it is preferably used, but as cedar is not to be found on the Lower St. Lawrence, tamarac or spruce is



THE TEMPORARY FRAME BEING WEIGHTED DOWN ON  
TOP OF THE CANVAS WITH ROCKS



SEWING THE CANVAS TO THE GUNWALE

utilised. Having procured the rough logs, the Indians proceed to split them into the requisite widths, and then with their crooked knives pare the pieces to the necessary thickness. The ribs or timbers, which are about three inches in width and one-quarter inch thick, are then trimmed, and moulded from the largest bend for the centre, to the narrowest at the bow.

The wood is then carefully dried, and when completed (the frames of the canoe having also been made), building operations commence by spreading on the level ground canvas for the covering of the canoe; on this is placed a temporary frame, which is weighted down with rocks. Then from sticks driven into the ground at each end of the frame, the same is suspended in position and sustained there by supports resting on the lower frame. Sticks are also driven in beside the frame in a slanting way, drawn in with twine at the top, thus preventing the gunwale from moving. The canvas having previously been drawn up, and thrown over this gunwale, it is cut into the proper shape and securely sewn. This process being completed the rocks and lower mould are removed,

the stem and stern pieces inserted from the inside, and the timbers or ribs follow in their regular order, the ends fitting under the gunwale. The surplus canvas at the two ends of the canoe is then cut away, carefully sewn over and gummed with a mixture of resin and oil. Lastly a narrow strip of wood is nailed on top of the canvas-covered gunwale to prevent the chafing and tearing of the canvas. The canoe is now ready for its finishing coat of paint.

It is really surprising to one who is not acquainted with the Indians' art of packing, to find how much they can stow away in one of these small conveyances. One family of four or five, with their tents, provisions, traps and hunting dogs, usually find ample accommodation in one of these canoes. They are very light and easily handled in swift water. In length they average about fifteen feet.

Year after year they follow the same trail, till they know every bend of the river, every tree on the banks. There little children first open their eyes to this world and breathe in the fresh sweet air of the forests. There also, in the depth of the silent forests, passes away many a weary soul, out of the forest of darkness to the Happy Hunting Ground.

*Kate Wilson*



THE CANVAS CANOE FINISHED



# CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

## A Department For — Business Men.

### A FOOLISH SYSTEM

THE system of filling our civil services, federal and provincial, on the recommendation of local politicians instead of by competitive examination, is well illustrated by the following item from the *Huntingdon Gleaner*:

"There was a meeting of the Liberal Association on Thursday, with a full attendance of delegates. The object of the meeting was to nominate a successor to the position of customs officer in Havelock, made vacant by the death of the late A. Fiddes. There were only two nominations, Alex. Waddell and J. W. Curran, the other candidates withdrawing. A ballot resulted in J. W. Curran receiving thirty-six votes and A. Waddell seventeen. Mr. Curran therefore received the nomination. He is well suited for the position and his being chosen gives general satisfaction."

Popular election is a funny way of selecting a man for the permanent civil service, but by what Act of Parliament was the selecting of customs officers delegated to the Liberal associations throughout Canada?

If good men are required for the civil service, and they are required for every other service, surely the system of competitive examination should be introduced. If Canada is to have efficient public service, there must be a reasonable system of filling appointments. Government ownership and government operation are impossible under the present system, as the civil service is now filled with party servers. Many of these men are capable, many are honest, and many of them would have succeeded, no doubt, in gaining their positions if the competitive examination had been the only avenue. That, however, does not justify the present foolish system.

The wrong is two-edged. It injures the member of Parliament or Legislature by occupying his time with debasing and

lowering patronage-dispensing. It injures and lowers the service by introducing into it men who have no qualifications for the positions into which they are pitchforked because of their party services.

Our public life is at stake. The efficiency of our public services is at stake. Civil service reform is an immediate necessity.

A number of letters have been received. Here is a sample:

FROM PROFESSOR SHORTT

Kingston, Ont., April 4th, 1906.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your circular with reference to the proposed Civil Service Reform League. You may certainly count on me for all the support and encouragement I can give to such a movement, which is one I have long desired to see inaugurated. It is impossible to secure an efficient civil service, or to prevent it from being the victim of party manipulation, until the whole system is taken out of politics and placed upon an independent basis of merit and capacity.

I believe in party government as the only workable one in a democracy, because in a progressive society men are certain to differ in their views as to the most expedient public policy for the time. But as this has nothing to do with the most efficient administration of affairs, once the policy is settled, so the civil service is not a matter which should come under the control of the party system. Moreover, experience proves that, in so far as it does so, it is demoralising alike to the party system and to the civil service.

That civil service reform is practicable, the experience not only of Europe but of America has proved, and it is a reflection on our public spirit as Canadians that we are so far behind other civilised countries in this respect. I sincerely trust that the movement will meet with the approval and support of all good citizens.

Yours sincerely,

ADAM SHORTT.

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### INFLUENCE OF PARLIAMENT WANING

MR. R. L. BORDEN, the Opposition leader in the House of Commons, in addressing the students of Toronto University recently, told them among

other things, that the influence of Parliament was lessening, and incidentally acknowledged the defects of the party system. It did not require the word of the leader of one of the great political parties to convince the people of the country that respect for their highest legislative body was rapidly diminishing. But that such a fact should be voluntarily admitted by a man so much in the public eye is designed to draw general attention to it. When a man, who is so immediately concerned in upholding the dignity and privileges of Parliament makes no secret of its waning power over the people's esteem, things must be in a bad way indeed. But the individual who has observed with care the trend of political events in the Dominion during the past twenty years will not be disposed to wonder at this declining influence. When we find, as we have found during that period, that both parties are resolute to sacrifice the interests of the people to the expediency of the moment, and that the virtue which appears so vigorous in opposition rapidly expires under the relaxing warmth of office, it would be amazing if the public mind were to remain unimpressed. When we remember the foulness which characterised the declining years of Conservative rule, the corruption and dishonesty which was rampant in al-

most every department of the administration, and the efforts to coerce a young and growing province of the Confederation, we must admit that the Opposition party of to-day has very little cause of complaint against the popular revolt which drove it from office. Nor will a close scrutiny of legislation during the past few years under the present regime give much occasion for congratulation. The same departmental dishonesty, it will be acknowledged, does not prevail, but the same resolute determination to make everything serve the interests of the party exists in no less a degree. We have had an illustration, too, of a Government, elected largely because of its strenuous opposition to coercion, adopting the same policy which was disastrous to its predecessor, and relying on a tremendous majority and the venality of Parliament, to carry into effect measures which were obnoxious to a free people. How is it possible that the country, perceiving these things, and finding throughout the length and breadth of the land that its representatives in Parliament were either afraid or ashamed to meet their constituents and explain their legislative acts, could retain its respect for the party system or for the legislators elected under it?—*Vancouver Daily Province* (Liberal).

## CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

We are trying to get the names of a thousand good citizens who are willing to become members of a Civil Service Reform League. If you are willing to be one of that thousand, put your name and address on a post card and address it as follows:

"CIVIL SERVICE, CARE OF THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE  
TORONTO."

When the necessary names are secured, the details of the organisation will be sent you and you can then decide whether or not you will join. Civil Service Reform is one of Canada's greatest needs.





THE HUGUENOT

After the Painting by Sir John Everett Millais